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A STUDY

# Modern Stage Dancing

WRITTEN BY GUY T. LITTLE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**S**OME ten or fifteen years ago it seemed as if stage dancing in England was to have a chance of taking its proper place among the arts of the theatre. Unfortunately, this promise has not been fulfilled, and though undoubtedly it receives more recognition now than it did twenty or thirty years ago, the art has not advanced one jot since the little flash in the pan of the early eighties, which gave hope to the sanguine.

The reasons of this are not far to seek, and may be generally summed up under two heads—one, the almost entire ignorance of the public, and their consequent extreme lack of interest in the dance; the other, the want of conscientiousness in the dancers themselves, which is, after all, only the result of the first.

It is very curious, this want of knowledge in the mass of the British middle class, of the difference between good and bad dancing; they seem to have absolutely no discrimination in the matter. As a rule, their criticism of a dancer's merits appears to be guided mainly by the amount of exertion employed, rather than by the grace or neatness with which the performance is executed. In fact, a bad dancer, who supplements her attempts with a somersault or a catherine wheel, will reap more hearty applause from an audience, the members of which probably pride themselves on their gentility, than would Terpsichore herself if

she confined herself to dancing pure and simple. It is the great middle class, indeed, that is, in the main, responsible for the extraordinary exhibitions which we have been so frequently of late expected to consider as dancing. Their want of discrimination has been, and is, so patent that it has encouraged performers, with more impudence than art in their compositions, to foist themselves



MISS KATE VAUGHAN AND MR. E. W. ROYCE  
*From Photo by W. & D. DOWNE*

upon the public by means of these ugly tricks.

The same accusation cannot be made against the lower orders. Though, no doubt, they do not care for the intricacies of what is known in stage slang as the "skirt dance," that they do take a keen interest in dancing is amply proved by the attention which they will bestow upon a well-executed step dance, which even a rowdy audience will watch in silence as it listens to the "beats" of the dancer's feet. It is true this is not dancing of a high order, but still it is dancing of a sort, and as such is fully appreciated by the class to which it appeals. It would, perhaps, be going too far to expect an educated audience to take a lively interest in a cellar flap, but it seems a pity that they cannot be brought to appreciate dancing of a higher calibre. It is certainly pleasanter to find an audience taking a real interest even in this kind of dancing than that they should take no interest at all; and we venture to think that, when a thing is labelled dancing, it is more satisfactory to see a step dance which is neatly executed than a blundering *pas de fascination*, terminating with a turning head over heels, or the abominable "splits." Fortunately, the popularity of these atrocious adjuncts to the dance appear to be on the wane, and we must trust in a merciful Providence that they may never be revived.

The generally apathetic state of the public mind in regard to stage dancing makes one fear that there is some danger of its going altogether out of fashion, unless some novelty in dances or dancers is found to give life to the always small and now rapidly diminishing interest that is taken in it. A few years ago it was not unreasonable to expect to see good dancing at certain playhouses devoted to the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment; but such is

no longer the case. It is true that at these theatres to-day, the leading lady, whoever she may be, and though she, more often than not, has no notion whatever of dancing, almost invariably flounders through a few steps at the termination of her songs. It would, however, be deviating from the paths of truth if we called this good dancing. Indeed, it is, as a rule, hardly dancing at all, though it is often enthusiastically greeted by the crowd of upper-class suburbia which throngs our burlesque theatres; in fact, almost as if the performer was Taglioni come to life again.

This apparent appreciation of—to put it mildly—the mediocre, must assuredly arise principally from the ignorance of the average audience of what dancing really means. The fashion of amateur skirt dancing, which flourished some few



MISS SYLVIA GREY

From Photo by W. & D. Downey



years ago, was, perhaps, in a measure also responsible, as a portion of the ladies in the audience like to feel that they could, without much study or exertion, go through exactly the same performance in their own back drawing-rooms. The result is, however, painful to the more discriminating, and may, in the end, have a serious effect on stage dancing. For why should performers go through the arduous training that it requires in order to become a really good dancer if they can gain the same applause at the small expense of a few porpoise-like gambols which can be acquired by a course of two or three weeks' lessons. One thing, however, that is very curious, for which audiences can hardly be held responsible, is, that nowadays, our few good dancers are required to sing, and consequently very rarely dance. There is no visible reason for this except that they have as a rule no voices, but the ways of theatrical managers are strange, and it is presumably this that prompts them to arrange things as they do. Following the same line of reasoning, and supposing that there were any young ladies in the opera bouffe or burlesque stage who could sing more than ordinarily well, we should no doubt invariably find them gaily pointing their toes to the chandelier. But the comic opera prima donna with a voice is such a *rara avis*, that one has almost ceased to believe in her existence, so this felicity is denied us and dancing has to take a back seat altogether.

Nothing has so far been said, nor is it intended to say anything of ballet dancing which is quite a distinct thing from the introduced dance of the musical play or burlesque. The same training as that required to become a ballet dancer is, however, of the greatest value, if it is not almost essential to the development of a really good dancer of the ordinary modern type. This fact is especially exemplified in the case of Miss Kate Vaughan, the leading dancer *par excellence* of the English stage in the last quarter of the century. She was, we believe, trained as a regular ballet dancer of the Italian school, and for a few years was the leader of a ballet troupe of four, who were known as the Sisters Vaughan. These small troupes

of dancers were more in vogue at that time than they are now, and it was thus that Kate Vaughan first became known. Though in the early stages of her career she attired herself, as all dancers had done for years before her, in the short fluffy skirt of the *première danseuse*, by a happy inspiration she appears to have come to the conclusion that this hideous and vulgar costume, far from being a necessity, was, in fact, a hindrance to the expression of graceful movement. So one fine night Miss Vaughan surprised her admirers by dancing in a long black skirt, and from that time forward we believe, though the length of the skirt may have gone up or down as the whim seized her, she always performed in skirts, and plenty of them. It was at the Gaiety in the later seventies and early eighties that she made her greatest successes as a dancer, and since that time there have been several others who have followed in her footsteps with more or less success. She has, in fact, formed a school of her own, and will always be remembered as the recognised leader of graceful dancers in England.

And what a dancer! To see Kate Vaughan move was a pleasure, to see her dance a delight. Every movement was perfect, and it was impossible to imagine her doing anything awkward. There was no apparent effort, the whole thing having a poetry in it that is only attained when the summit of art is reached. For dancing is an art when it is brought to such perfection as this, and if it only had proper exponents would be recognised as one. With this dancer, however intricate were the steps she employed, one never exactly knew what she did, and one was only conscious of a beautiful rhythmic movement which seemed entirely one with the music. A thing that spoke highly for her dancing was, that one never had enough of it. The audiences seemed to themselves to have hardly settled down to the enjoyment of watching her, when the beautiful figure, with its whirling skirts and fluttering lace handkerchief, had disappeared and left them wishing for more. As a matter of fact, she had probably been dancing just as long as an ordinary dancer would have done, but

the moments flew with her feet, and time was forgotten by the spectator.

But after devoting herself to dancing for some years, it dawned upon Miss Vaughan that she could act. So off she tripped from the Gaiety, and since then we have been looking for a dancer to replace her. We are still waiting, and, to judge from present appearances, may continue to do so for some time. She has had many successful imitators but no equals. In writing, as we were doing so from memory, we have dropped unconsciously into the past tense, but, happily, the artist under discussion is still with us, and though she does not often dance, when she does she shows herself to be still unapproachable.

Contemporary with Miss Vaughan at the Gaiety were Miss Gilchrist and Miss Phyllis Broughton, both of them excellent step dancers, and, on her secession from the company, the former was for a time called upon to take up the position she had vacated. It was not an easy task, and Miss Gilchrist was so pretty, we have forgiven her long ago.

What a host of dances and dancers we have had since those days, which were, after all, not so very long ago. There have been graceful dancers and

acrobatic dancers, serpentine dancers and coon dancers, step dancers and what not, but how far has dancing been advanced? Not a step; and it is only to be feared that we are on the verge of following the example of the cow's tail and growing downwards. As has been already said, it is rather difficult to determine who is responsible, the public or the performers. The public will not take sufficient interest, and the performers will

not take sufficient pains, in the right direction, to stimulate the small amount of interest their audiences still retain. They will go out of their way to secure surprises in the way of effects, but they won't take the trouble to dance.

They have whirled dozens of yards of silk on the end of canes amid a blaze of varicoloured limelights in the so-called serpentine dance; all very pretty no doubt, but not dancing. They have contorted their bodies



MISS LETTY LIND

*From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS*

and risked their necks in what are known as acrobatic dances, a species of entertainment that is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring—neither good dancing nor clever acrobatics. They have flapped about to negro melodies; they have skipped, pirouetted and grimaced singly or in pairs; they have worried

their skirts in a ring of light on a darkened stage; they have curvetted, meandered, and pranced; they have seep which out of four, or even eight in a row, could kick the highest; but they have very seldom danced. What is the result? Instead of being considered as one of the main requisites of the lighter forms of entertainment, dancing is slowly but surely being allowed to sink into the background, and what should be an extra attraction is now, even when it is allowed prominence, treated with scant courtesy.

There is no class of the community which is more ready to be told what it ought to applaud than the audience which goes to the theatre with the sole purpose of being amused. Label an item very large as being the main attraction of a piece, and if there is an amount of ordinary merit in it, the public will soon give it the prominence the theatrical manager intends they shall. It is not meant to imply that any rubbish you like to put before an audience will go down with them if it is sufficiently puffed. In nine cases out of ten this would not happen, but if a good thing is put before the average playgoer, and he is discreetly informed of the fact, he does not, as a rule, refuse to recognise its merits. He may lavish his applause on what is indifferent with perfect contentment as long as he can't get anything better, but when something really excellent is found for his delectation, he as a rule prefers it. It seems a pity therefore that what should form one of the most powerful attractions of the more frivolous pieces, has been allowed to be made so little use of. It is a string that can, figuratively speaking, be twanged upon with infinite variety, only when a thing is described as a dance, do, for pity's sake, let us have dancing.

Though we complain that dancing has lately been allowed to take a back seat, it must not be imagined that it is intended to imply that since the days of Kate Vaughan at the Gaiety there have been no good dancers. There have, in fact, been several. Following mainly on the lines laid down by Miss Vaughan, Miss Sylvia Grey and Miss Letty Lind for some time divided the honours

equally. It would be extremely hard even if it were necessary, to say which was the better when both were so excellent; while the former excelled in in sinuous grace, the latter had an airy lightness that was delightful to watch. While they were at the Gaiety dancing could not be said to be inadequately represented; but, alas! Miss Grey has retired, and Miss Lind has taken to singing.

Another really admirable artist, though quite in a different manner, is Miss Katie Seymour, a step dancer, whose deftness of foot is at the present time unequalled. Appearing first on the regular stage in the burlesque of Joan of Arc, in which she executed a *pas seul*, that for lightness rivalled the pirouetting of a gnat on a shady pool, she at once danced her way into the good opinion of the public, and has ever remained a great favourite. Her *pas de deux* with Mr. Edmund Payne (also an excellent dancer), which followed the duet of "The Candle and the Moth" in Don Juan, was one of the prettiest things of its kind there has been in recent years. To revert to the followers of the Vaughan school, however, there have been, and still are many artists who have met with success, those most prominent being Miss Mabel Love, Miss St. Cyr, Miss Alice Lethbridge, and Miss Topsey Sinden, the latter a young lady with much natural grace, though perhaps a trifle too exuberant in her method.

The high kicking and leg twisting dance is, we trust, now almost a thing of the past. Though at one time in great favour, it from the first made the true lover of dancing grieve. Beginning with the *pas de quatre* in "Faust up to Date," it may, we hope, be said to have terminated with the descent on London of La Gouloue and her companions with their modified version of the hideosities of the Moulin Rouge. As for this *pas de quatre*, or black leg dance as it was called, from the colour of the dancers' stockings, though there was nearly as much talk about it as there was over the famous Taglioni, Grisi, Cherito, and Grahn *pas de quatre* of 1845, it was not much to make such a fuss about after all. The four young ladies who took part in it, with more energy perhaps

than grace, finished their evolutions by placing themselves one behind another, and alternately kicking their legs in opposite directions, a device which had been used so often before that the only wonder is that the public did not resent it as stale. On the contrary, however, they did not seem to notice any want of novelty in the performance, and flocked to see it by the hundred. The result was, that in every burlesque for the next two or three years, there was a *pas de quatre*, each vying with the other in the attempted eccentricity of its ending, head-down and feet up, Catherine wheels or the ordinary common place head over heels of the nursery, it mattered not how inelegant, all were tried in turn, until at length the public sickened of it altogether, and the whole thing was con-

signed to a limbo from which it is to be hoped it will never more emerge.

If we have no prospect of anything in the way of an improvement in the immediate future, we can at least console ourselves with the thought that this ugly and inartistic phase of stage dancing is over. Though there are not any present signs of a reaction in the form of a cultivation of the higher branches of the dancer's art, the art is in itself so attractive that such a reaction must come in course of time. Until it does we must continue to live on the memory of the good dancers it has been our luck to see in the past, and the hope—though it may be hope deferred—of some day seeing the art of dancing as an exhibition treated with the measure of appreciation which is its due.



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

# *A Peep into Palm Land*

WRITTEN BY E. G. BARNARD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



HAD had no summer holiday. The reason why does not matter; but the fact is the foundation-stone of the present article. It was, then, only when last year's October was almost over that the chance to flee from Town presented itself to me. Where to go? That was the question which had vexed me all through the August heat and that waning of summer which always gives me a severe fit of the miserables. A country house, with a cheerful house-party and a bit of shooting, would be ideal, of course. But alas! The only invitation I expected had not come. Paris? Brussels? Dull, almost, as London at this time of year. The Riviera? Too early—and too English for my liking. No; decidedly, Europe, for my immediate purpose is

no good. I want change and I want sunshine. Where can I get the certainty of both combined with the comfort of decent European hotels? The answer came to me out of my own experience. Why not return to an old happy hunting-ground of mine across the Mediterranean? Why not revisit Algiers, and, having a month at my disposal, push on further still, across the fertile Tell, through the barrier of the Atlas, down to the edge of the Sahara? The very thing! But, "twere well it were done quickly." In the gathering gloom of what Mr. Guppy called "a London particular" I consult my watch. Scarcely three o'clock on a Thursday afternoon. I have time to pack a portmanteau (not forgetting to put in my lightest of flannel suits and a straw hat) and catch the



SUNSHINE AND SHADE

*From Photo by LABOUE, Algiers*



corridor-train to Dover. I will sleep at the Lord Warden, cross the Channel next morning; reach Paris in time for dinner; spend the night in the "Rapide" on the way to Marseilles; catch the boat on Saturday morning; and dine comfortably in Algiers on Sunday evening. There, under the warm wings of the "White Dove," I can take time to consider my next move. No sooner said than done. The sunset of a fine autumn

the excellent *déjeuner* which the Compagnie Transatlantique includes in the price of my passage. On deck again in time to witness the arrival of the new Governor-General of Algeria, M. Lépine, who is going over, with his wife and children, to take up his new post. The ex-Prefect of Police is a keen, kindly-looking little gentleman; but he hardly strikes me as having quite that prestige of personal presence which is



A VILLAGE HIGH STREET

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers.

evening flashes in my face as the boat-train steams into the Gare du Nord; by good luck I secure a berth in a *wagon-lit* at the Gare de Lyon; and when an amiable attendant brings me coffee next morning we are well down towards Marseilles. The city of the Phocéans is in a blaze of summer sunshine, and down in the harbour the glare on the promenade deck of the good ship "Général Chanzy" is so fierce that I am fain to seek the protection of the saloon and the solace of

desirable in the occupant of so difficult a position as that for which he has been chosen. I may add that M. Lépine's failure to cope with the recent anti-Semitic disturbances at Algiers has since justified my suspicions on that score. It is about one o'clock when we begin to leave the gaunt wind-swept coast of Provence behind us, and, as ill-luck will have it, our passage is a bad one. We get our full share of knocking about in the Golfe du Lyon, and the "Général Chanzy," which has

a bad name for rolling, lives up to her reputation and rolls horribly. On the next afternoon, however, the weather, which had been squally improves considerably, the peaks of the Djurdjura gradually rise above the horizon, and at last Algiers, "the diamond in an emerald setting," as the Arabs call it, opens out before us in all its dazzling whiteness. As we glide into the harbour the "Général Chanzy" indulges in a mild debauch of squibs and crackers to notify the arrival of the Governor-General, and we perceive that Algiers has turned out *en masse* to give him greeting. The Place du Gouvernement and the great Boulevard that faces the sea are thronged with a many-coloured crowd of Europeans, burnoused and turbaned Arabs, veiled Mauresque beauties, and soldierly Zouaves, Turcos, and Chasseurs d'Afrique and Spahis on their weedy little white barbs. The port is alive with boats of all sorts and sizes. Anon comes the Port Admiral's launch, and that gallant officer boards us, accompanied by the general commanding the Nineteenth Corps d'Armée, their aides, and various civilian *gros bonnets*. When the big wigs have departed we humble passengers fight our way ashore through the usual crowd of howling, gesticulating Arab porters and hotel touts, and a quarter of an hour later I am surveying the scene from the hospitable vantage ground of the Hôtel de la Régence on the Place du Gouvernement. It is Sunday, the first of November—All Saints' day—and Christians, Moslems, Jews, are all making holiday in a kaleidoscope of costume such as I defy you to find in any other city within three days' journey of London. Slowly the glowing sun sets behind the old Kasbah; the stars and the lamps shine out; and gradually the noise of the holiday crowd dies away into the scented stillness of the African night.

I give myself three days to renew my acquaintance with Algiers, to look up old friends, to stroll through the tortuous alleys of the Arab quarter which lead through strange, sudden alterations of dazzling sunshine and sombre shade to the hill-top on which stands the Kasbah, the old Palace of the Deys. On that hill-top there is a favourite "pitch" of

mine. It is a bit of waste ground beneath the Kasbah wall, almost in the shadow of the grim gateway where still hangs the chain which, in the old days, was garnished with the head of many a Christian slave. There I sit, and sitting survey a panorama as lovely, in its way, as any the world affords. Below me, tier after tier, like the steps of some gigantic marble staircase, the white, flat-roofed Moorish houses descend to the harbour, where the gay Neapolitan fishing boats nestle under the shadow of the old jetty, which Cervantes may have helped to build, and round which Exmouth's men-of-war sailed in to attack the Algerine corsairs in their hornet's nest. To the right rise the green slopes of the modern suburb of Mustapha, thickly dotted with white-walled hotels and villas, filled every winter with English and other *hiverneurs*. Beyond that the great crescent sweep of the bay stretches away to Cape Matifou, backed by the mighty range of the Djurdjura—time out of mind an impregnable city of refuge for the outlaws of northern Africa and southern Europe. And before me, a blaze of gold-flecked blue, the Mediterranean smiles "the many-twinkling smile of ocean" under the yet brighter blue of the African sky.

A fair scene, indeed; and yet one over which, for a Christian and an Englishman, history casts a dark shadow of sadness. How many hundreds—thousands, may be—of our poor countrymen have eaten out their hearts in slavery, sorrow, and suffering in that fair, sunlit city below me? If those white walls could only speak, what a tale they would have to tell! On this very spot, where I sit in peace and safety to-day under the cruel Kasbah's wall, many an English slave may have looked northward across yonder sea, in hopeless longing for freedom and for home, sick of the eternal sunshine, and pining, like Enoch Arden on his lonely isle, to scent "the dewy, meadowy morning breath of England." That Englishman must be strangely lacking in sympathetic imagination who can gaze unmoved upon the whited sepulchre which the "White Dove" was for many a weary century. And not for Englishmen only does the shadow of a blood-stained past



A VILLAGE MOSQUE

*From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers*

lie heavy on the beauty of this Aphrodite Anaduomené on the shore of the Mediterranean. Scarcely a country of Europe but has tales enough to tell of the fate of some of its sons and daughters at the hands of the dreaded Algerines. Again I say—If those walls could speak! Look at yonder little grated window. It was from just such a one—possibly from that very one—that the white hand, the “muy blanca mano” of the Moorish maiden waved the cross, which a Christian slave-girl had taught her to love, as a signal of hope to the Spanish slaves in the court below, as Cervantes has told us in that sweet old story of “The Captive.” But who shall ever learn the dead secrets of those impenetrable walls? The “Tales of the Alhambra” are scarcely more romantic than the scenes enacted within those strange, silent houses in old Algiers.

Algiers, however, is not my goal; so seven o'clock on a brilliant African

morning finds me at the station, about to start on the two days' journey south-eastwards to Biskra, under a sun already so hot that I am glad to take the shady side of the carriage. The East Algerian Railway at first skirts the bay, striking inland presently through an exceedingly picturesque country. I know nothing more beautiful than the rounded outline of the Kabyle highlands with the sheen of the sunshine upon them. There is a suavity alike of form and of colour about them, which has induced a French writer to compare them to “heaps of velvet”; and the phrase admirably expresses the contrast between these hills and the rugged wind-swept heights of Provence, which one leaves behind at Marseilles. In the distance, too, I catch sight of the grand mountain range of the Djurdjura, with the peaks of the Lalla Khadidja and its fellows, capped only by the highest of feathery clouds. We stop for lunch at

Bouira, a country station which, despite its rustic appearance, provides me with a chicken *à la Marengo* which would not have disgraced a first-rate restaurant. They cut the time much too fine, however, which is all the more unnecessary, because the East Algerian only runs two trains a day, so that time can be no object. "En voiture, s'il vous plait!" The crowd of Believers in burnous, soldiers, and colonists on their way to market pack themselves away, and the little train rattles and bumps along the single line until the November sun begins to set. We are rising steadily now from the sea level to what are known as the High Plateaux, and, as we rise, the character of the scenery changes. We have left the mountains with their thick garment of *maquis* behind us, we have crossed the plain of the Medjana, and have entered the heart of the great corn country, bare and tawny as the back of some gigantic wild beast at this time of year, and unbroken by a single tree, save where, at rare intervals, a modern French village has grown up on the bank of some tiny stream. I dine at Sétif—the Sitifis of the Romans—a flourishing French town with a big Sunday "souk," or market, where some ten thousand Arabs and Kabyles assemble every week to trade. Then two hours' more bumping through the darkness brings me to my night's resting-place, El Guerrah, the junction at which the line to Biskra strikes suddenly southward towards the Sahara. The "Hôtel El Guerrah," as it is somewhat imposingly named, is just a long shed with a row of bedrooms on each side of a long passage. My bedroom is unpretentious enough, but the bed is excellent; and after sixteen hours' bumping on the East Algerian, I am asleep in no time.

Where am I? Can this really be Guy Fawkes day? As I throw open the window and gaze at a bare brown hillside, on which a solitary camel is finding what sustenance he may, which stands out, clear cut, against the intense blue of the sky, I have a vision of the "London particular" and the November mornings of my native land. The train does not start until mid-day, so that I have plenty of time to explore El Guer-

rah, and take lunch. The former operation does not take long, for the place consists of a single street of cottages inhabited by the railway folk. Life at El Guerrah must be a trifle monotonous, but the air is delicious. Remember that we have been rising steadily most of yesterday, and that, although we are nearly three hundred miles south-east of Algiers, we are about three thousand five hundred feet above sea level. Positively the air is a champagne air—as exhilarating as Brighton or Portrush, and yet so hot, withal, that I am thankful to be in flannels and *minus* the superfluity of a waistcoat. The afternoon finds me steaming southward, now over great tracks of marshy land, whence the salt water has evaporated and where the salt lies thick upon the dry bed of the lakes like a crust of hoar frost.

We pass Batna, a big garrison town, which commands the main route of the annual comings and goings of the Nomad tribes from the south. By this time my eyes are getting familiar with the sight of the long caravans of camels returning to the desert, and the rough stone or mud-built *gourbis* of the agricultural Arabs of the Tell have given place to the "houses of hair," the tents of the Nomads. As we near that portion of the Atlas range which is called the Aurès, the character of the scenery changes to the savage grandeur of rock and chasm. At last, just about sunset, we enter the mighty gorge of El Kaltara, which winds its way to a narrow opening in the sheer fall of rock that forms the Titanic rampart dividing the Tell from the desert; and suddenly, in a moment, we have passed the barrier and have emerged upon the boundless Sahara. Past the palms and mud-houses of the oasis the train bears us through the gathering gloom for yet another hour and a-half, and it is quite dark before we reach Biskra, where a 'bus deposits me prosaically at the Royal Hotel, the handsomest in Algeria, and, not improbably, one of the handsomest in the world. Then dinner, and a cigar under the orange trees and palms of the fair garden round which the hotel is built, and so to bed, while the last bugle-call from the French Fort St. Germain dies away, and nothing breaks the silence

save the distant barking of dogs from an Arab encampment, far out on the desert.

A most dolorous and unearthly grunting and groaning, mingling with and finally dispelling my dreams, wakes me soon after sunrise, a true sunrise of Africa, the next morning. Throwing open my shutters and stepping out on the broad balcony, 120 feet long, upon which my bedroom gives, I discover the cause of these mysterious sounds. A caravan of camels is loading up for the day's

indeed, in that pellucid morning air, mild yet invigorating, pure with all the purity of the southward stretch of the vast African solitudes on the threshold of which I stand. Looking towards the rising sun I see immediately before me the broad, stone bed, of the Ouad Biskra. That white building, with a little dome a-top, is a *koubba*, that is to say, the tomb of a local Marabout, one Sidi Zer Zour. That holy man had his hermitage on the spot where his *koubba*



THE TOMB OF SIDI ZER ZOUR From Photo by LEAUX, Algiers

journey southwards, and the *djemels* are protesting against the operation in their usual style, wagging their long necks from side to side, and showing their great green and yellow teeth viciously. It is a glorious morning, and after taking my cold tub at the open window and making haste to dress, I mount the slender white minaret of the hotel, whence the whole panorama of the town, the palm groves, and the Desert lie open to my gaze. A lovely scene,

stands; and being threatened by a rush of water from the mountains, he prayed to Allah to divert the course of the flood, which was done. Some day, unless heaven intervenes again, a winter flood will sweep his holy bones away; but in the meantime he is held in the utmost reverence by the Moslems of Biskra, and his tomb, as you may see from the photograph, is a place of pilgrimage. Away beyond the Ouad Biskra lies the Djebel Ahmar Khaddou, the



Mountain of the Rosy Cheek," so-called because it is dyed a beautiful rose colour at evening, "blushing," as the Arabs say, "under the last kiss of the sun." Likewise I discern a distant dark line where the palms of another oasis—Sidi Okba—break the horizon. To the west the little French town nestles among its groves of palm and sweet-smelling *cassie*, backed by distant hills, while northward I descry the frowning range of the Aurès through which I passed last night. South and south-east, beyond the mud villages buried in groves of date palms which form the Vieux Biskra, as the French call it, the desert stretches away in an uninterrupted plain, taking, in the distance, a blue tint suggestive of the sea. If, indeed, I were suddenly transported to this minaret on the Flying Carpet of the Arabian Nights, I should certainly believe myself to be viewing the distant ocean from a lighthouse on some flat and sandy estuary. The illusion is completed by a slender column of smoke rising from an Arab *douar* in the distance, which seems to come from the smoke-stack of some steamer hull down on the horizon. It is, moreover, a historical fact that when the first French expedition, under the late Duke d'Aumale, first caught sight of the Desert from one of the neighbouring hills, the soldiers shouted, "La mer! la mer!" and the officers got out their maps to see if they had not happened unexpectedly upon some vast inland lake.

Coffee taken I make haste to pay a visit to the "Souk," the market place, while the morning's business is yet in full-swing. As I leave the hotel a French bugle rings out blithely the familiar call of the *casquette*—

*As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette,*

*As-tu vu la casquette au père Bugeaud?—*

and a company of Turcos, soldierly, serviceable fellows, goes by on the march. The "Souk" is the core and kernel of life at Biskra, being, in particular, a great centre of business in dates, the staple commodity of the Desert; and, the date harvest having been got in last month, trade is brisk. You will get an excellent notion of it from the photograph, which represents one side of a square of little cube-like white-washed

houses built over a low, dark arcade. Within that welcome shelter from the sun are the native shops, mere holes in the wall, where the Arab tradesmen display their wares. Some of these recesses are native cafés, and the customers are drinking from dainty little cups, squatting on mats of alfa, their slippers duly ranged, for the command to "put off thy shoes from off thy feet" is universally obeyed. Here you may see them playing draughts on boards like ours, but with conical wooden pieces, *kelab dumma* ("draught dogs"), or cards, with queer little bits of paste-board, three of which would make one of the European sort. In the middle of the square a French architect, in an evil hour, has erected a brick-red tiled *halle*, which conflicts unpleasantly with the otherwise unbroken Orientalism of the scene. Between the arcade and the *halle* the open space is fitted with an ever-moving crowd of Arabs, camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, Spahis in their long red cloaks, French soldiers, and a sprinkling of French housewives out marketing. It is on the western side of the square that the date-market is held. "*Tmar, Tmar*" ("dates, dates"), resounds on every side. The caravans are coming in daily from the South, and the ground is covered with dates, dates in big baskets, dates in great double sacks of camel's hair, dry dates in pyramids, and sheepskins and goatskins filled with a dark, glutinous *purée* of dates, such as the Arabs love. Among all this merchandise moves a throng of buyers in burnous, and of street Arabs—*beni plaça*—the genuine article, on the look out for plunder, and hideous old crones, picking up what odds and ends they may—fishers in the troubled waters of the market-place. And over everything, dominating the mingled odours of the market and its wares, there is wafted to my nostrils that vague scent which the African sun distils from all the vegetation, and which I can only describe as the characteristic perfume of Africa. But that same sun is waxing overpoweringly hot; so I leave the Souk, and stroll away to the shady public garden which faces the long low arcade of the main street, and rest awhile—palm-land makes pleasant resting—

under the palms and sweet-smelling golden tufts of *cassie*, listening to the babbling of the stream flowing from the immemorial spring which gives life to Biskra. Anon midday strikes sleepily from the little Catholic church hard by, and thereupon I dawdle back to *déjeuner*.

Biskra en-nokhal, Biskra of the palms. The Romans (of whose presence one or two solitary traces remain in the shape of pillars standing in the palm-villages) called the place, in their eminently practical way, "Ad Piscinam," in honour of the life-giving spring before-mentioned. Were that spring to dry up, a single summer on the Sahara's edge would scorch Biskra and all that therein is into desolation as complete as that of the sites of the once-flourishing towns of the Roman province. But "God is great," as they say out here, and the stream runs on and runs ever, giving an endless supply of water—slightly saline and not very palatable to drink—for the hundred and sixty thou-

sand palms of the oasis and the ten palm villages which nestle embowered among them. Of these villages—there are bits of three of them shown in the photographs—one is very like another, but all of them have a singular beauty, as French and other artists are finding out more frequently every year. It is palms, palms, everywhere. The narrow lanes wind between dwellings built of *tôbe*—sun-dried mud-brick—with roof-trees of palm. Through them run innumerable *seguias*, bright, babbling streams, crossed at intervals by little rustic bridges made out of the inevitable palm. The palm-leaf thatches the house, the palm-leaf stem thrashes the donkey; the palm is omnipotent and omnipresent. Each village has its white-washed mosque, dedicated to some saintly "Sidi"; and as sanctity does not by any means imply celibacy under the law of the Prophet, you may, perhaps, see the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of the holy man chasing



THE MOSQUE OF SIDI OKBA

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

the little black-winged dragon-flies which flit about the brooks of the oasis. You can enter the dark archway which leads to the inner court of any one of these primitive dwellings, and be sure of a hospitable welcome; but the importunities of the children, who would be pretty were it not for the general prevalence of sore eyes, constitute a nuisance, only to be abated by a distribution of *sourdis*, which is by interpretation, "coppers." You will not forget to visit the ruins of the old Turkish Kasbah, or fort, which surrendered to the Duke d'Aumale, in March, 1844, and where the French garrison were massacred by the Arabs two months later. Nearer to the town than the palm-villages is a collection of mud hovels inhabited exclusively by negroes, and known, on that account, as the *Village Nègre*. These negroes—Soudanese, mostly escaped slaves, or the descendants of such—are the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the Biskra community, miserably poor, but an apparently happy race. They exhibit the traditional love of "kullerd pussons" for bright colours, and the little black children flash across the sunlit lanes of the village, in and out of the mud hovels like brilliant humming-birds, clad in all the hues of the rainbow.

There is not much to be done at Biskra of an evening, early to bed, as well as early to rise, being a fixed principle with the inhabitants both French and Arab. Entertainments had not commenced at the new Casino when I was there, and one was reduced to the contemplation of native dances in the Arab cafés—inelegant and uninteresting performances accompanied by what to European ears is a hideous, monotonous beating of tom-toms and squealing pipes. The performers are invariably ladies of the tribe of the Oulad Nail. These women, who may be met with all over the French Sahara, form a hereditary caste for the exercise of the most ancient and least honourable of professions. By the Arabs they are considered extremely beautiful, their costumes are brilliant, and they wear their wealth upon them in



A LOCAL BEAUTY

From Photo by LEROUX, Algiers

the shape of gold and silver ornaments, often of considerable value. The reader may judge from the photograph of one of them—their faces are all of the same type—how far European taste would endorse the admiration of their compatriots. The French authorities only permit the Nailiennes to reside in one or two particular streets, the houses of which are distinguished by wooden balconies of gaudily painted wood, on which these gaily dressed Houris may be seen displaying themselves, the effect of colour being very picturesque. I was informed by one of the inhabitants of Biskra that when a Nailienne desires to marry she is expected to undergo a preliminary widowhood of forty days, to make a pilgrimage to the *koubba* of Sidi Zer Zour (of which mention has already been made), there to take an oath of fidelity to her future husband. She may then be married by the Kadi in accordance with the law of the Prophet. It is commonly stated that the Nailiennes always return to their tribe when they have "made their pile," and become

exemplary domestic characters—a point, however, as to which I may be permitted to “ha’ ma doots.”

There are plenty of excursions to be made from Biskra, the most interesting of them being to the oasis of Sidi Okbar, some fourteen miles to the south-east across the Desert. One rides or drives over, taking lunch with one, as there are no means of obtaining anything there but coffee and dates. I lunched *al fresco* in an old garden full of lemon trees, at the back of an Arab café hard by the ancient mosque, of which the minaret is shown in the photograph. Sidi Okba is so-called after Mohammed’s famous lieutenant, Okba ben Nafi—he that spurred his horse into the Atlantic at Tangier, and declared that no less an obstacle than the ocean would have prevented him from converting the whole world to his master’s faith. The mosque, with his tomb within it, dates from the seventh century; it is the oldest religious building in Africa, and there for 1,200 years the old warrior has lain at rest. “This,” says the inscription, grand in

its severe simplicity, “is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafi; may God have mercy upon him.” It seems to transport one into another world to mount the minaret of that mosque to look across the strange mud-built, mud-walled town, its flat roofs strewn with palm leaves, and occupied, here and there, by a believer kneeling at his prayers; to listen to the monotonous droning of the scholars reciting the Koran in the sacred building below, and to gaze over the boundless expanse of the Desert with the mirage glittering in the distance. A quaint place, purely African, is Sidi Okba, absolutely untouched by the hand of French civilisation, and one that, having seen, it is impossible ever to forget.

And now I will leave you, as I only wish I could leave myself, at Biskra, suggesting that if, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, “you’ve heard the East a-calling,” and have not the time or the money to get to Egypt or to Asia, you might do worse than take a peep into the palm-land of Southern Algeria.



THE MARKET PLACE, BISKRA

From Photo by LEROUX Algiers

# THE FAILURE OF BERNARD RALSTON.



WRITTEN BY AMY MONTAGUE. ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

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## I.

**T**HE picture was finished, and the painter laid down his palette and brushes and seated himself with an air of weariness in an arm-chair which faced the window.

A wintry gleam of sunshine broke out for a moment and illuminated the high, bare studio, glinting on the edge of a gold frame, touching here a landscape and there a figure amongst the pictures and sketches which hung on the walls or leaned against them, and dazzling the eyes of the artist as he sat looking dreamily out of the window.

Bernard Ralston's studio would not have made an artistic photograph for an illustrated interview. It was carpetless, and contained no furniture except some easels and three or four chairs, which were generally occupied by canvases piled one on the other.

The walls were painted green, and showed darker patches of colour where a picture had once hung, or been replaced by a smaller canvas.

At one end there was a dark green mark on the wall which had the form of

a cross. Once a crucifix had hung there, but since Bernard had begun his last picture he had taken it away.

The gleam of sunshine faded, and the room darkened. Bernard looked round and shivered. The fire in the huge black grate was nearly out, and he got up to put on some coals.

As he moved across the room, there came the sound of a quick step on the stairs, and directly afterwards, a woman's voice, saying with a little breathless laugh—

"First on the left? Thanks, don't come up; I'll announce myself."

The next instant there was a tap at the door, which was opened before Bernard had time to speak, and a very lovely girl appeared on the threshold and stood there smiling.

"You!" stammered Bernard, "why you told me you had an engagement this afternoon."

"So I had, but I got bored and came away, leaving a message for Aunt Eliza to say where I had gone. Won't she be angry? This is the first time I have ever been to your studio. Are you not charmed to see me?"





"A VERY LOVELY GIRL APPEARED ON THE  
THRESHOLD"

She put her hands on his shoulders and raised her face to his, and he blushed like a boy as he bent to kiss her.

They made a singular contrast as they stood there. Bernard, tall and slight, pale-faced and dark-eyed, a frail and boyish-looking figure, with every nerve supersensitive and quivering, while the

girl beside him seemed the very embodiment of health and physical beauty.

"What a miserable fire," she exclaimed, "and how thoroughly uncomfortable you do succeed in making yourself."

Then, as she caught sight of the just-finished picture,

"Ah! The picture for the Academy! The one you have been working at for the last twelve months, and would never allow me to see."

She went up to it as she spoke.

"Piccadilly Circus!" she cried, delightedly, "and exactly like it too. All the omnibuses, and fashionably dressed people, and errand boys, and everything. It's like Frith's 'Derby Day.' Why, what's this? Bernard, how extraordinary you are! What in the world made you do this?"

She turned and looked at him as she pointed to the central figure in the picture—a shadowy form of Christ bearing His cross.

Bernard made no reply, and there was a slight pause.

"What is it called?" asked Hilda Verney.

"Via Dolorosa."

"Are you going to send it to the Academy?"

"Yes."

"They won't take it."

"I daresay not."

"They would have done so if it had not been for that." And she pointed with a shocked air to the picture. "They'll say it is profane; and so it is. Almost blasphemous, in fact, I call it. It would be a perfect picture without it, but they will never accept it as it is. Can't you paint it out and put in something else?"

Bernard did not answer. He looked like a man under torture.

"No," continued Hilda, decisively, "the Academy will not take that; but you might send it round the provinces and charge sixpence or a shilling for admission to view it. You see it is decidedly sensational, and people like sensation now-a-days. You might make a good deal of money over it in that way."

"O my God, Hilda, don't talk like that," cried Bernard. "You don't know what that picture has cost me."

Hilda turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Ah, if you only knew," he went on vehemently. "Day after day, and night after night, I have stood in the street, making notes, studying faces, sketching men, women, and little children; and all the while my faith in God was slowly passing away from me, and my belief in humanity and all my hopes of better things to come. Look into the eyes of the Christ I have painted. What can you see there?"

"They are beautifully painted, of course, but—"

"There is failure written there. *Failure!* When I conceived that picture I told myself that I would stir the hearts of men and women to their deepest depths, and *make* them feel! Ah, Hilda, Hilda, I used to kneel in a

very agony of prayer before the crucifix my mother held out to me with her dying hands. Look, there is the mark on the wall where it used to hang. I strove to paint a living Christ, but, day by day, that Shadow grew beneath my hands—that mournful Shadow, with the eyes that speak to me of eternal failure, of death and sorrow and sin triumphant. I have painted that picture with my own heart's blood, Hilda, and it has killed me."

He was walking up and down the room as he talked, and Hilda looked at him in alarm.

"What is the matter with you, Bernard? I never saw you like this before. You make me wish I hadn't come. You must be ill. Why don't you send for a doctor?"

"Oh, you don't understand; you don't understand," he moaned.



"HILDA LEANED BACK IN THE ARMCHAIR"

Then he began to laugh, almost hysterically.

"Sit down, dear, I'm not mad, though I look like it. Let's have some tea. Don't look at that any more. Turn your back on it."

He rang the bell and ordered tea, while Hilda leaned back in the armchair and surveyed her surroundings with a somewhat critical air.

"Why don't you have curtains? Surely a pretty Art muslin wouldn't shut out much light. When we are married I shall come down and give this miserable, untidy place a thorough turn-out, and make it pretty and comfortable. Nobody would think you were an artist to look at your surroundings."

He smiled. "When will you marry me, Hilda?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some day. Now and then I think I won't marry you at all, because you are so queer and funny at times. I wish you would try and get over it, and be more like other people. You said just now that you had lost your faith. Well, I think it is a very good thing if you have. Mother and Aunt Eliza have always been rather against my marrying you on account of your being a Roman Catholic. Of course it is not nearly so bad as if you were a Dissenter, but still, it is a great pity."

"What would you like me to be, Hilda?"

"Oh, just an ordinary Christian, like everybody else in decent society. Here comes the tea. I'm as hungry as a hunter. Do you take milk and sugar, Bernard? What funny little tea-spoons; and what a *darling* of a milk-jug! Where did you get it?"

She prattled on, never waiting for an answer, and Bernard, bending forward to take his cup from her hands, looked into her radiant blue eyes and loved her,

*As men that shall be swallowed of the sea  
Love the sea's lovely beauty—*

Presently there came a knock at the door, and a second visitor entered. He was a strongly-built man of middle height, with thick, curly hair, and a black beard which he wore trimmed to

a point. His brows projected over his bright, keen eyes, which were so deeply set as almost to appear sunken.

After greeting the lovers, he remarked with a rather comical smile,

"I come as the bearer of a message which duty and not inclination forces me to deliver. Your aunt, Miss Verney, is waiting at the door, and says you are to go to her at once."

"I'm in for a scolding," said Hilda, with a little grimace. "Bernard, come and put me into the carriage. Good-bye, Mr. Morris."

She went out, followed by Bernard, and George Morris turned to look at the picture.

Technically, it was a masterpiece, and George, who was an excellent art critic, regarded it with genuine admiration. Then he proceeded to study it from the emotional point of view as suggested by the title, "Via Dolorosa." Bernard had represented the figure of Christ bending wearily beneath His heavy cross, while all around Him surged the hurrying, indifferent crowd, each intent on his own business or pleasure, some serious and some smiling, but all with eyes turned away from Him who passed through their midst.

One alone seemed to be conscious of a Presence other than that of the crowd—a woman, with draggled skirts and haggard, painted cheeks. The end of the cross was just touching her shoulder, and she stood in a startled, listening attitude, as if her attention had been suddenly arrested.

But it was the face of the Christ which held George and compelled him to gaze, until a strange, indescribable feeling, arose within him as though his faith had been shaken to its very foundations, for the eyes, haunting and despairing, which looked out at him from the canvas, seemed to say, "My agony and My sacrifice have been all in vain."

For the rest, the picture merely conveyed a vivid impression of Piccadilly Circus about half-past eleven on a June morning.

George was still standing before it when Bernard returned, but the latter made no remark. He seated himself in the chair Hilda had just vacated, and passed his hands caressingly over the

cushioned arms on which her hands had rested.

In a few minutes his friend came and sat down opposite him.

"Bernard, that is a terrible picture," he said.

"So Hilda has just informed me," replied the painter. "As we went downstairs a moment ago, she said it was grossly profane, and in the worst possible taste."

"That aspect of the case had not presented itself to me," rejoined George, quietly. "But it is precisely the sort of remark I should have expected from her."

"Why don't you like Hilda, George?"

"My dear fellow," protested the other, "Miss Verney is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. It would be impossible to dislike anything half so lovely. She lacks but one thing."

"And that is —?"

"A soul."

"There is a soul in everything beautiful."

"May it not be the reflection of one's own?"

Bernard shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Is the picture to be exhibited?" proceeded George.

"I shall send it to the Academy, although I don't imagine for one moment that they will accept it."

"I almost hope they will not."

Bernard laughed, but without mirth.

"You may think me fanciful," continued George, hurriedly, "but that picture conveys the most painful impression to my mind. Surely, when you began it a year ago, your object was not to destroy the little faith and hope that may yet remain in human hearts? You once told me the ambition of your life was to paint a great religious picture, but this —"

"Say no more," interrupted Bernard,

And after a pause, he added, "I am like a woman who has borne a dead child."

## PART II.

The Academy, as the representative of respectable British opinion in Art, refused Bernard's picture, but it ultimately found a place in another gallery,

where it attracted considerable attention.

Critics came in battalions, and alternately blessed and cursed it. The Art journals praised its technique, the daily papers discussed the taste, or want of taste, displayed in the choice of the subject, or speculated on the meaning thereof.

The religious papers warned their readers against it, or exhorted everyone to go and see it, while a French journalist described it as "one of the most crushing blows that has ever yet been aimed at superstition."

There was always a crowd before it, amongst which the artist himself was constantly to be found. If anyone recognised him he would slip away; but few people knew him by sight, and he was able to mingle with them and listen to their comments without observation.

Once a man spoke to him, a young clergyman whom Bernard had noticed many times before, always in the same place, with his eyes fixed upon the picture.

"What do you think of it?" he asked Bernard, abruptly.

"I hardly know how to answer you," replied the artist.

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Nor do I. I hate it; yet a horrible fascination draws me to it day after day. I believe the man who painted it was possessed of devils. I tell you," he went on with rising excitement, "that when I get up and go out of this place, it is with a feeling of despair and horror upon me that almost drives me mad. I dread being alone, and I dread still more being with others, for out of every face those sad, despairing eyes confront me. *Via Dolorosa! Via Dolorosa!* It stretches beyond sight and imagination, and along its weary way suffering humanity for ever passes on to Calvary."

He got up and went out hastily, as though ashamed of his outburst; but Bernard sat on with folded arms and compressed lips, living over again those days and nights when he had stood in the streets and watched the human tide ebb and flow; the glad and the sorrowful, the sick and the whole; souls that

were at peace, and souls in hell. He was roused from his reverie by hearing a woman's voice uttering these words:

"I don't know why, but it fills me with pain and fear. Come away, dear; don't let us look at it to-day when we are so happy."

Bernard looked up, and saw a young couple standing side by side. The man was gazing intently at the picture, but after a while he yielded to the girl's tender, compelling touch upon his arm, and they moved away. Then Bernard got up and went home, filled with a strange dismay. To him, as to Arthur's knights, had come the vision of the Grail. Like them, he had sought to grasp it, and like them he had failed; and his failure had this tragic element—that it was not merely negative, but had brought a curse where he willed a blessing, and despair instead of hope.

He had done no work lately. Nearly every hour of the day found him at Hilda Verney's side, and the thought of her beauty was ceaselessly present with him.

Sometimes he would recall, with bitter self-contempt, his past, with its strivings and aspirations. Why had he not "enjoyed the merry shrove-tide of his youth," like other men, and *lived*? For alas! we can only be young once, and though it is a truism, we never realise its force until it is too late.

Amongst the Verney's acquaintances was a certain Sir William Arnford, of whom Bernard was violently jealous on account of the attention he paid to Hilda. The man was coarse and dissipated, but he had fallen, for the time being, under the spell of her beauty and that animal magnetism which women of her type possess, and which enables them to subdue any man whose fate brings him under its influence.

"Why do you let Arnford make love to you?" Bernard demanded of Hilda one day.

"I cannot help it," she answered.

"Yes, you can. Any woman can stop that sort of thing if she wants to. I don't like it, Hilda. I hate the man, and I wish you would not ask him here."

"Mother wouldn't like me to be rude to him."

"He shall never enter my house when we are married, I tell you that plainly."

Hilda flushed angrily, but she did not dare to reply, for she was afraid of Bernard. Possibly that was the reason of his attraction for her—the recognition of a brute for its master; for George Morris was right when he said Hilda had no soul. She was merely a very beautiful, healthy human animal, with a taste for luxurious living and second-rate society.



"COME AWAY, DEAR; DON'T LET US LOOK AT IT."

George called at Bernard's rooms one morning and found him on the sofa looking desperately ill. His eyes were sunken and there was a blue tinge round his lips which startled and alarmed his friend.

"What is the matter with you, my dear old chap?" he asked.

"I believe I am dying, George. I get such ghastly thrills of pain sometimes.



They come and go quite suddenly, leaving me like this. Look here."

He stretched out his left hand. It was icy cold, and the finger-tips were blue. George took it as gently as a woman might have done.

"Let me go and fetch Kingley to have a look at you," he said.

"Oh, I don't want any doctors here; I don't believe in them."

"Nonsense! I shall go round to Kingley's at once and bring him back with me if possible."

With these words, George went out, returning in about half an hour with the doctor, who carefully examined Bernard, and asked him several questions.

"What is the matter with me?" demanded the latter, as the doctor was putting up his stethoscope.

"Heart disease," was the brief reply.

"Serious?"

"Decidedly so. What have you been doing lately?"

"Going to the devil."

"You'll reach your destination sooner than you expect if you don't pull up. Live as quietly as you can, and avoid all excitement, and every kind of physical exertion. You ought to leave London at once and spend at least six months in the country doing nothing."

He sat down and wrote a prescription, after which he took leave of Bernard and went out of the room, followed by George.

"*Angina pectoris*," he said in answer to the latter's inquiring look.

George uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Is there no chance for him, doctor?"

"People who have it sometimes live for years," replied the doctor evasively.

"Do you think Ralston will?"

The other shook his head.

"He's engaged to be married," said George, half to himself.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," observed the doctor gravely as he took his departure.

George went back to his friend sick at heart.

"Don't look so dismal, old man," cried Bernard gaily. "Doctors are fools! They have no imagination; it is against the rules of medical etiquette. I know what is the matter with me, but

if I had told Kingley he'd have clapped me into a lunatic asylum. Wait a bit and I'll tell you all about it."

He got off the sofa and went to the sideboard from whence he took a decanter of brandy and a tumbler, into which he poured the spirit until it was nearly half full. Then, nodding to George, he swallowed the contents at a gulp.

"Good God!" exclaimed George. "I never saw you do such a thing before. What has come to you, Bernard? You never used to drink anything but water."

"I know. And I used to go in for plain living and high thinking, and now I eat and drink the best of everything, and think the thoughts of other men—and women. And I used to avoid society, and now I go into it as much as possible. My dear fellow I'm obliged to do so to supply the deficiency."

"What deficiency?"

"The deficiency of vital force. When I painted that accursed picture I put my very life into it. It is my own personality which emanates from it and affects everybody who looks at it. You have felt it yourself, have you not?"

George was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. He made no reply.

"Well," resumed Bernard, "the result is that there is not enough vital force left in me to carry on my physical existence—to keep the machinery going, in short; so I am obliged to obtain the necessary energy from other people. When I am alone, I become as I was when you first came in; but, as you see, I'm a different man since you and Kingley have been here. The reason is simple enough. You have both supplied me with some of your own vitality, and the brandy has for the time being completed the cure."

He took a few turns up and down the room and then glanced at the clock.

"Six, by Jove! And I promised to dine with Hilda and some friends at the Savoy, and go to a theatre afterwards. Excuse me, old man, I must go and dress."

"Not to-night, Bernard," pleaded George. "Let me take a message to say you are seedy."

"Rot! There's nothing the matter with me, I tell you. Of course I shall go. That brute Arnford will be there, and will be making love to Hilda if I'm out of the way. I wish heaven would provide me with a decent excuse for kicking the cad," he concluded as he left the room.

At his club the following morning George met an acquaintance, who inquired—

"How is Ralston to-day?"

"I have not seen him," replied George. "Why do you ask?"

"Don't you know what happened last night?"

"No."

"Well, Ralston came into the Haymarket with a party of friends. They had a box and half a dozen stalls, and Ralston went into the box with Miss Verney and her mother and aunt. In the middle of the performance he was taken suddenly ill, and everybody thought he was going to die. They got him out into the passage, and a couple of doctors were fetched out of the audience. One of these chaps at once exclaimed, 'Oh, *angina pectoris*, undoubtedly.' Stupid fool! I suppose he wanted to show what a smart fellow he was. Anyway, Ralston heard it. They gave him a lot of brandy, and after that he seemed to get a little better, and then two fellows went out and got a cab, and took him home."

"What did Miss Verney do?"

"Exhibited a most becoming mixture of distress and fortitude, and then went back to her seat, and apparently enjoyed the third act. Arnford joined her, and she seemed to find his attentions eminently consoling."

George's right hand clenched instinctively, and he ground his teeth, but he made no remark. He told the porter to call a cab, and drove off to his friend's rooms. Bernard was sitting up in bed, writing. To George's inquiries he answered that he was much better, and picking up a letter tossed it over to him.

"Just read that," he said, and George read the following:—

"SIR—It may interest you to learn, that by one person, at least, your work has been thoroughly understood and appreciated. There was a time, not so very long ago, when I

cherished a few delusions, and allowed myself to speculate hopefully concerning life and death. I was miserable, and I was unfortunate, but I did not wholly despair. Then, one day, I went to see your picture, 'Via Dolorosa,' and the scales fell from my eyes. What a masterpiece it is! It must have brought tears of joy to the eyes of the Devil, as he stood beside you—I wonder if he guided your hand?—and watched you paint the face of that Christ! I suppose I ought to be grateful to you; yet, strange to say, I am not. The destruction of my idols has made life even more unbearable than it was before. So I have resolved to end it. I don't want to live any longer. Above all, I don't want to think any more. If you are interested in my fate—and, considering the circumstances, it is just possible that you may be—a glance at your newspaper to-morrow will satisfy your curiosity, and assure you of the genuine nature of this document."

Then came an address and the signature.

George silently put down the letter, and Bernard pointed to a paper which lay upon the table. George took it up, and read a brief paragraph which stated that Stephen Clements, supposed to be a gentleman of independent means, had committed suicide by taking poison in his lodgings the previous afternoon.

"Don't let this worry you, Bernard," he said, throwing down the paper.

"Of course not. What's done cannot be undone, unfortunately. But I'm going to prevent its ever happening again."

As he spoke, he handed his friend the letter he had just written.

George glanced at it. It was a request to the Hanging Committee to immediately return the picture, "Via Dolorosa."

"They will never consent," he exclaimed. "That picture is the attraction of the whole Exhibition. Is it likely they will give it up?"

"If they don't, I shall go and take it," said Bernard. "Just post that note for me, like a good fellow, and then come back. I want to ask you a question."

When George returned, Bernard said to him,

"Come here and sit where I can see your face. I want you to tell me something," he continued, as George took the seat indicated. "When I had that queer attack last night, I heard one of the doctors say that I had *angina pectoris*. Now, did Kingley tell you that

yesterday? Look me in the eyes, George, and tell me straight out if he did or did not say so?"

The other hesitated and paused.

"George, for God's sake, tell me the truth. Come, yes or no?"

"Yes," answered George, turning his face away.

"Then I'm a dying man."

"No, no! He said that people who had it often lived for years."

"But I shall not."

"Yes, you will, if you only take care of yourself."

"George, my friend, I know that I shall not; and you know it too as well as I do. To-morrow I shall go to a specialist and settle the matter once and for all. Now, don't let us talk about it any more. I don't want to think about it."

When George came round to Bernard's rooms the following morning, he found him up and dressed.

"That infernal Committee refuses to return my picture," he said; "so I have just been making arrangements to remove it without their permission."

"Are you mad, Bernard? There will be the very devil of a row."

"I don't care. As soon as the gallery is open this morning, I shall go and superintend the removal of my property."

"And when you get the picture back, what will you do with it?"

"Destroy it. And after that, George, I shall paint another picture, a symbolical picture, which will make my name and fortune; and I shall call it, 'The Triumph of the Flesh.'"

Next evening the contents bills of all the newspapers announced the "Extraordinary Conduct of an Artist." "Remarkable Scene in a Picture Gallery." "Threatened Action for damages."

Bernard's *coup* had proved eminently successful. Immediately the gallery opened he had made his appearance with half-a-dozen packers and a covered van, and, in spite of the expostulations of the attendants, he had taken down and removed his picture.

The affair caused a considerable sensation, and the majority of people seemed to think that Bernard would find himself involved in very serious

difficulties with the committee. Several journalists tried to interview him on the subject, but he shut himself up in his studio and refused to see anybody; and when a wealthy banker wrote, offering him a very large sum for the picture, he refused in an extremely curt note, saying that he was not Judas.

George called at his rooms several times, but was always told that he was at the studio. Once he ventured to go there, but the man in charge told him that Mr. Ralston was at work, and had given strict orders that no one was to be admitted. Bernard had a peculiar objection to being visited at his studio, especially if he was engaged on a picture, and George did not insist, but he felt sorely anxious.

One morning, he was at Charing Cross Station, seeing off some friends by the early train, when he observed Hilda Verney and her mother on the platform, so he went forward to speak to them.

Both looked rather confused, and Mrs. Verney said,

"I daresay you are surprised to see us here, Mr. Morris. The fact is," she lowered her voice slightly—"we thought it advisable to take dear Hilda away for a few weeks. Naturally she feels it a good deal, although, of course, it is all for the best."

George looked bewildered. "I don't understand," he said.

"Haven't you heard that the engagement has been broken off?"

"No, I had not heard it," rejoined George, stiffly.

"We are going to Switzerland for a month," resumed Mrs. Verney, "and then we may return home, or we may go on to Nice for the winter. Dear Hilda has behaved very sensibly and bravely about it all. Mr. Ralston wished to see her after he had been to the specialist, but she wrote and said that an interview would be too painful both for herself and for him, and she told him she felt it was her duty to consult the wishes of myself and her aunt in such a very serious matter. Of course it would have been highly wrong for them to marry after what the specialist told him. I should never have allowed her to engage herself to him

had I known he was so exceedingly delicate. And then, what a way he has behaved about that picture! I hear, too, he has refused an enormous sum for it. Such madness! Surely a man in his position cannot afford to throw away hundreds of pounds like that? A mother must think of her daughter's future, you know, Mr. Morris."

"Undoubtedly she must, Mrs. Verney," returned George. "I see Sir William Arnford has just arrived, and as I presume he has come to see you off—or possibly accompany you, I will not permit myself to intrude, but will wish you good-bye and a pleasant journey."

He took off his hat with somewhat elaborate courtesy and walked away. In the Strand he met Bernard, and persuaded him with some difficulty to go and lunch with him at his club. Afterwards, as the smoking-room was rather full, they strolled down to Bernard's rooms for a talk.

"I suppose you know?" he said suddenly, as he drew forward a chair and sat down opposite his friend.

George nodded, and began filling his pipe. He did not look up.

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Verney. I saw them this morning on the platform at Charing Cross. They were just starting for Switzerland."

Bernard got up and walked about the room for a while. Then he sat down by the table, and buried his face in his hands. George went over and stood beside him.

"She wasn't fit to black your boots," he said gruffly.

"I did not love her for her worthiness or unworthiness. It was nothing to me if she possessed all the virtues of a saint or all the vices of a devil incarnate. I loved her because she was so beautiful. God, how beautiful she was! You can't understand that," he continued, after a pause. "You think it strange—almost wicked, in fact—that a man should fall down and worship mere physical perfection. You say I should not have loved her if she had not been beautiful, and you are quite right. But it seems to me the most natural thing in the world. Do you remember, it says somewhere in the Bible that at one time

the daughters of men were so wondrously fair that the sons of God left Heaven to love and wed them. I firmly believe that story; it bears truth on the very face of it. I, too, would have sold my soul to possess Hilda—ah, and would still! I only wish the Devil would give me a chance."

George said nothing, but he remained standing by Bernard, looking down upon him with an expression of infinite pity in his grave, kind eyes. There must have been something soothing in his strong, quiet presence, for after a time Bernard lifted his head.

"What a fool I am!" he said. "You're a good fellow, George, to put up with me as you do!"

The other rested his hand for a moment on his friend's shoulder. Then he went back to his place.

"I have been painting hard all this week," resumed Bernard, "and this morning I took my penknife and ripped the canvas in pieces."

"Have you destroyed——"

"Via Dolorosa?" No. I can't."

George had an appointment that afternoon, and as soon as he had gone Bernard took a cab and drove back to his studio. He was feeling better than he had done for some weeks past, and ran upstairs with something of his old alertness. The sun was streaming into the room, and he threw open the window and stood there for a few moments, drinking in the air and the light.

On the floor lay the fragments of a large canvas. It was the picture of which Bernard had spoken to George—the picture which was to have been called "The Triumph of the Flesh."

Leaning against the wall and almost filling half one side of the studio was the "Via Dolorosa."

Bernard took a clean canvas and set it on an easel in the middle of the room. Then with a pencil he began rapidly sketching in the outlines of a woman's figure. Steadily and surely the pencil moved, making bold, even lines and curves, and in a very short space of time a beautiful nude figure stood revealed like a faint shadow.

He took up his palette and brushes and began to paint; but now the steady hand wavered, and from time to time he

paused and glanced nervously over his shoulder. Something seemed to be drawing him slowly, but with irresistible force, away from the easel. His face flushed and his breath came in long sighs; and then suddenly he yielded and turned away, and as he did so his eyes met the eyes of the Christ in the picture. For a long time he stood and looked into them, and the light that poured in from the skylight and window began to fail a little. At last the intense silence was broken by a slight movement. Bernard had begun to paint.

The studio grew dusk, but Bernard never heeded the fading light. His eyes looked straight before him—not at, but as if through the canvas. Yet his hand never faltered, nor did he pause for a single instant. *And the face of the Christ slowly changed!*

The artist stood and beheld his ideal,

and no language that has ever been written or spoken can describe that moment of realisation.

The brush fell from Bernard's hands; he looked upon his work and sank to his knees.

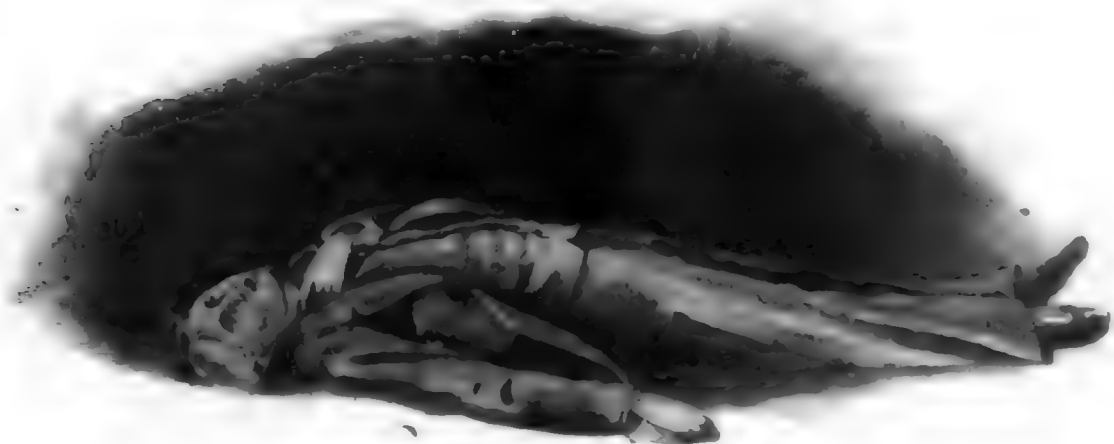
A great sob broke from him, and the tears filled his eyes and overflowed. He clasped his hands above his head and cried aloud:

"Not the Way of Sorrows, but the Way of Life! Not Calvary, but the Vision of God!"

Ah, that sudden, smiting pain! He sprang to his feet and staggered across the room, swaying from side to side.

A second or two of mortal agony, the sound of many waters; then darkness and blinding light; and Bernard Ralston fell, just under the little green mark on the wall which had the form of a cross.

The end had come—or shall we say the beginning?



"THE END HAD COME"



*IN AUGUST.*  

---

FROM the sea that was growing greyer,  
From the crowd with its holiday hum,  
From the village whose lights burned gayer,  
O! Sweetheart, I prayed you to come.

We slipped from the throng and hasted  
Till the voices came far and slight,  
And the day I had counted wasted  
Was lost in the safe, sweet night.

The dusk-dew lay on the grasses,  
The hoods of the flowers were furled;  
And the clouds stood motionless masses,  
For the wind had gone out of the world.

With the gloom in your fair face bright'ning  
I caught you and drew you nigh,  
While the blue-robed summer lightning  
Danced in the low-hung sky.

Did I tell you again I loved you?  
Did I ask you once more for "yea"? . . .  
Ah, Sweet, it was good to have proved you  
At the close of a long, long day.

J. J. BELL.

# *The Inns and Outs of Covent Garden*

WRITTEN BY A. E. HENRIQUES VALENTINE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



It was not without a great deal of truth that a celebrated antiquarian once described Covent Garden as "the most interesting spot in London."

To the casual observer there is little to justify such an assertion if existing landmarks or monumental evidence count for anything, but if we search the whole of London through we will not find a district so reminiscent of brilliant men and women of past generations, as the spot which is now the centre of the fruit and vegetable business of the metropolis. Everything has changed or disappeared altogether, and the little that is left is only a shadow of its former self. True the famous Piazzas are still there, but what were once the rendezvous of rank and fashion, the beloved of all that was brilliant in the world of art and letters, and the stage, are now the shelters of loafers and fruit porters. Take away Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, old and ugly St. Paul's, and the Great and Little Piazzas, and Covent Garden is as prosaic as Cheapside. Some time ago the parish overseers were struck with the laudable object of perpetuating the memory of Betterton, Macklin, Kemble, Oliver Goldsmith and Sir Isaac Newton, by naming some of the vilest courts around Drury Lane after them, but there is little else existing to recall that brilliant coterie, which, commencing with Dryden and Pepys, included Steele, Addison, Pope, Congreve, Wycherley, the Walpoles, Gay, Smollet, and Fielding of the pen, Lely, Kneller, Thornhill, Zoffany, Hogarth, and poor Richard Wilson of the brush, and Quin, Macklin,

Garrick, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, Foote, and the Cibbers of the sock and buskin. They all lived here, or met here, at their clubs and pubs,—coffee-houses, inns and taverns, old style—to interchange courtesies, to report the latest scandals, to eat, drink and be merry, or to indulge in those flashes of wit or satire, as the fit took them. If the stones could only speak, what stories could they tell of vice and profligacy, of the "Bow Street Beaux," of roysterers, gallants, courtiers, rakes, gamblers and duellists!

At one time Drury Lane and Covent Garden earned an unenviable notoriety for the licentious habits and conveniently loose morals of the inhabitants. The name—Drury—is suggestive of something of the kind, for Pennant, a celebrated authority, observes that "it is singular that this lane of later times, notorious for intrigue, should receive its title from a family name, which, in the language of Chaucer, had an amorous signification,

Of battaile and of Chevalrie  
Of ladies, love, and Druerie,  
Anon I wol you tell.

And Dryden, who, like his great contemporary, Pope, had an uncommonly nasty way of saying nasty things, did not seem to appreciate, to the fullest extent, the virtues of his lady neighbours, for he has put it on record that :

This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing :  
A Smithfield horse—and wife of Covent Garden.

The family from which the famous Lane derived its title, the Drurys, were of some importance at the Tudor period.

One of their descendants, Sir William Drury, built a house in the Lane in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which, in the following century, became the residence of the brave and chivalrous Earl of Craven, and of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the beloved mistress of his sword and heart. Craven House, in later times, became a tavern bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia, and at the present day the Olympic theatre stands on the ground of the historic house. But the memory of Craven is not altogether forgotten in the neighbour-

nue of stately elms shading the pastures which stretched on either side. On the attainder of the Duke of Somerset, Covent Garden, with "Seven acres, called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds, six shillings and eightpence," was given by the Crown to the Earl of Bedford, in whose family it has since remained.

The famous Piazzas were built by Inigo Jones, at the order of Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1631. They were first known as the Portico Walk, and in later times as the Great and Little



COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA

hood, as an old-fashioned coffee-house in Bow Street is still known as "The Craven," and there are also Craven Buildings in close proximity.

Of Covent Garden at an early period we know more than we do of Drury Lane. In the beginning of the thirteenth century Covent Garden was used as a cemetery by the Abbots of Westminster, and was then called the Convent Garden. The entire district, as late as the time of Charles the First, was a delightful suburb, and Long Acre contained an ave-

Piazzas. Bow, Russell, King, and Henrietta Streets were erected in succession. St. Paul's Church was also built by the immortal Inigo, who, according to Horace Walpole, saved England from not having her representatives among the arts—"the country which adopted Holbein and Vandyke, borrowed Rubens, but produced Inigo Jones." The extreme ugliness of the architecture as the work of so great a master, is explained by the fact that when the parsimonious Duke gave Inigo

Jones the commission to design the church, he also gave him to understand that it should not be much better than a barn. "Then you shall have the handsomest barn in England," replied Inigo. As the "barn" cost £4,500 in those days, the Duke of Bedford did not secure a particularly great bargain.

When the ground in the neighbourhood was acquired for building purposes, Covent Garden, in the early part of the seventeenth century, became an aristocratic residential neighbourhood. The cattle which were wont to graze on the "Convent Fields," were removed to fresh fields and pastures new, and stately houses were erected which were occupied by the nobility. During the Great Plague, Drury Lane was one of the first streets to be infected with the pestilence. Writing in his diary on June 7th, 1665, Pepys remarks: "This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the door, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there. . . . which was the first of the kind I ever saw." Covent Garden had particular attractions for the chatty old diarist, and one of his special haunts was the notorious Rose Tavern, in Russell Street (now a fruit-broker's premises), where he could get some burnt wine and a half breast of mutton off the spit. On one occasion he saw "Pretty Nelly standing at her lodging in Drury Lane, in her smock, sleeves and bodice." The Coal Yard in the Lane claims to have been the birthplace of Nell Gwynne, and her first associations with the famous theatre, where she was destined to stamp the smallest foot in England, consisted in "selling oranges and pippins in the pit to liberal fops, who would buy the first, and return the second with interest." Before she attracted the attention of the Earl of Orford, and subsequently of Charles II., "pretty Nelly" was quite a feature in Drury Lane, and it was said at the time, when she was only an orange girl, that her pretty face and saucy manners attracted as many gallants to the theatre as the "King's Servants" themselves.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Covent Garden was made into a separate parish and the patronage vested

in the Bedford family, but towards the end of the century, signs of social decay were visible when the more aristocratic residents began to migrate further west. If Wycherley truthfully describes the position it then attained, the picture is by no means a flattering one, for in his "Gentleman Dancing Master," which he wrote in 1673, he says, "Do not blaspheme this masquerading age, like an ill-bred city dame, whose husband is half broke by living in Covent Garden." Wycherley was something of an authority on the manners of Covent Garden at this period, for he lived in Bow Street, with his first wife, the Countess of Drogheda, opposite the celebrated Cock Tavern. Although he frequented the "Cock" pretty often with other well-known *bons vivants*, he generally did so with a certain amount of trepidation, for he, himself, admits that he was compelled to leave the windows open so that his wife might see there was no woman in the company, or she would be in a downright raving condition.

The "Cock" was one of the many taverns in Covent Garden which acquired a reputation for being one of the haunts of the talented Bohemians of the period, as well as the rendezvous where so many riotous proceedings occurred. From the balcony, the notorious Sir Charles Sedley, accompanied by Lord Buckhurst, the first aristocratic "guardian" of Nell Gwynne, and Sir Thomas Ogle, preached blasphemy to the mob, and otherwise misbehaved themselves. The populace, who were not over punctilious in such affairs in the reign of Charles II., resented this unseemly proceeding and stoned the offenders, and Sedley was tried and fined £500. Shortly after this occurrence honest Sir John Coventry was one night leaving the Cock Tavern, when he was attacked by a band of marauders, at the instigation of the Duke of Monmouth, and his nose was slit to the bone. Sir John had earned the displeasure of Charles II. and his Court by protesting in the House of Commons against the improper distribution of public money, and, in order to effect some reasonable reform, he proposed that a tax should be imposed upon the theatres. The King's reply was



A MORNING FROLIC

characteristic. He opposed the idea on the ground that the players were "His Majesty's Servants,"\* and part of his pleasures." Sir John, with vivid recollections of Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Davies, pertinently enquired if the "King's pleasure lay among the men or women that acted." Such bold conduct could not go unpunished, and as he was leaving the Cock Tavern, he was set upon in Bow Street and disgracefully assaulted in the manner described. Although the Duke of Monmouth was currently reported as the instigator of the attack, there were rumours at the time which laid it at the door of the King himself.

Wycherley died at his lodgings in Bow Street, and while he was ill he was visited by King Charles II. Several eminent men and wits lived in the street, including Edmund Waller, the poet, Major Mohun, the famous actor and duellist, the witty Earl of Dorset,

\*Actors and actresses were then known as the King's Servants, and ten of the actors were called the Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, with the additional privilege of being granted ten yards of scarlet cloth with a suitable quantity of lace,

Marcellus Laroone, known as Captain Laroone, who painted the "Cries of London," and acted as the deputy-chairman of the Bohemian Club, which Sir Robert Walpole established in Henrietta Street, at the house of Samuel Scott, the marine painter.

Although the neighbourhood of Covent Garden lost the patronage of its aristocratic residents soon after the Plague and Fire, the most eminent men in arts and literature remained steadfast to their old haunts, and Drury Lane, Bow Street, Henrietta Street, Russell Street, and King Street became more than ever sought after for their houses or lodgings. The house which Sir Peter Lely occupied in Covent Garden (now the Tavistock Hotel) was taken by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and after him, Sir James Thornhill and Richard Wilson, and if for no other reason, the Tavistock of to-day, would be a landmark as having been the residence of four eminent English painters in succession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Nollekens, Hogarth, and Zoffany, of the great painters of the day also lived in or about the Garden. Sir James Thornhill opened an academy for drawing in James Street, Covent



Garden, and it is conjectured that it was from this residence that Hogarth carried off his beautiful daughter Jane.

Quite an imposing and brilliant array of poets, wits, and dramatists presents itself to our eye when we look at the residents and habitués of the neighbourhood at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dryden made Covent Garden the head-quarters of the Bohemians, and he was strongly supported by Pope, Steele, Addison, Fielding, Johnson, Boswell, and a host of other brilliant writers. The great actors and actresses would not think of living anywhere else, and it is no wonder that the drama and literature were so closely brought into contact. Number 6, Bow Street, which had been previously occupied by "Gentleman" Wilks, became the residence of Garrick, Peg Woffington, and Macklin, in 1742. They took it in turns to keep house, and to fulfil the duties at the lowest possible outlay. Peg often erred in this respect, and one day Doctor Johnson overheard Garrick scolding her in Bow Street for her extravagance in making the tea "red as blood."

It was only natural that prominent men in the world of science followed in the wake of the Bohemians, and Covent Garden, in the eighteenth century, included among its residents Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. William Hunter, Dr. Arne, and Dr. Gibbons, who made his house in King Street conspicuous by its mahogany fittings, which wood he first introduced into this country. Small wonder, then, that recognised haunts were found for the litterati, from which the profligate gamblers of the period were excluded. The taverns in the district, such as the Rose, the Cock, the

Mitre,\* and the Devil, had degenerated into haunts of vice and duelling, and gradually clubs—or coffee-houses, as they were then called—were established, which not only attracted the wits and men of arts and letters, but the highest

\* It was at the Mitre that Farquhar saw and heard the beautiful and celebrated Nance Oldfield studying the part of the Scornful Lady, behind the bar, where she was engaged as a barmaid; and he was so impressed with her histrionic ability that he induced Rich to give her an engagement at Drury Lane, her first salary being fifteen shillings a week. The ex-barmaid rose to be the most renowned actress of her time, and after her death, her body was laid out in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and subsequently interred in Westminster Abbey.



CALEDONIAN COFFEE HOUSE

and noblest in the land. The inn and the coffee-house became the recognised meeting-place. The most celebrated of these coffee-houses were Will's, Button's, and Tom's, which were lorded over by Dryden, Addison, and Steele respectively, at their different periods. Other less famous coffee-houses soon followed, such as Wildman's, the Bedford, the Grecian, the Shakespeare, and Shanley's, and it may be said that the neighbourhood was simply covered with them.

Will's, the oldest, was named after the proprietor, William Urwin, and was built on the ground of the Rose Tavern, in Russell Street. The shining light at Will's was Dryden, who was autocratic in his sovereignty. The young men of the town, who aped the manners of the Bohemians, collected at Will's to listen to the words of the great Laureate, and Ned Ward, in "The London Spy," tells us they were "conceited if they had but the honour to dip a finger and thumb into Mr. Dryden's snuff-box." When Doctor Johnson wanted to write the life of Dryden, he applied to Colley Cibber, who had often met him at Will's; but Cibber could only remember him as "a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's."

When Pope arrived in town, Sir Charles Wogan introduced him at Will's, and he gradually began to occupy the position Dryden had filled there, though not before he allowed himself to be the "humble admirer" of Wycherley, who patronised him at Will's. The gatherings at the celebrated coffee-house of those days were historic. Macaulay has given a picturesque description of the place in the following: "Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen; there were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coat of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where Dryden sat. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, was thought a privilege; a pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast." It will be noticed that Macaulay at-

tached as much importance to a pinch of Dryden's snuff as Ned Ward himself.

After Dryden's death Will's lost much of its prestige, and no doubt the increasing popularity of its great rivals, Button's, the Grecian, Tom's, and White's, had much to do with it. Writing from Will's in the *Tatler* of 1709, Steele says: "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hand of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game."

In 1713, Daniel Button, an old servant of Addison, established the coffee-house which was to immortalise the name of the proprietor. Addison tried his utmost to transfer the prestige of Will's to Button's as the resort of the greatest wits of the day, and as they were built in close proximity to each other, the rivalry between the two great coffee-houses frequently became too pronounced. Button's was then under the patronage of the Countess of Warwick, who afterwards married Addison, in 1716, and whenever the brilliant essayist suffered any vexation from the Countess, he took revenge by withdrawing several of the most famous habitués from Button's. Among these Pope was one of the greatest and the most unpopular. His eternal enemy, Ambrose Philips, hung up the historic "birchen rod" in the bar at Button's, to chastise Pope whenever he came within reach of it for the biting epigrams the great little man had written about him; but Pope showed a wise discretion by avoiding Button's for a time, and remained at home—"his usual practice," as his enemies said. Button's was ornamented by a lion's-head letter-box of a Venetian pattern, which was erected by the editor of the *Guardian*, in 1713, for the reception of letters and correspondence from young authors, who could deposit their works into its "wide and voracious mouth with safety and secrecy." On the demolition of Button's, the lion's head was transferred to the Shakespeare's Head, under



A FIGHT WITH THE WATCH

the Piazza, and then to the Bedford coffee-house, where it was used as a receptacle for the *Inspector*, edited by Fielding's rival, Dr. Hill. At the beginning of this century, it was bought by Mr. Richardson, of Richardson's hotel, for £17. 10s. ; and some few years later it was sold to the late Duke of Bedford, and deposited at Woburn, where it now remains.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Tom's coffee-house, at 17, Russell Street, facing Button's, developed into one of the favourite resorts of the wits. After the play, the "best company" used to congregate at Tom's, where there was "playing at picket, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will

see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home."

The Grecian coffee-house, in Devereux Court, Strand, was named after Constantine, a Greek, the proprietor. It soon became a popular rendezvous of the scientists, and Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, and other officials of the Royal Society, were regular patrons of the place. When Steele introduced the *Tatler* to the public, he informed them that all accounts on gallantry and pleasure should be under the article of White's chocolate-house, in St. James's Street, poetry under that of Will's, learning under that of the Grecian, and politics from St. James's coffee-house. The difference between

the love of the resorts was very marked, as the charges at Will's were twopence per day, and at White's sixpence; while it was necessary to know a little Spanish at the Grecian to be as able as others at the learned table, as Steele puts it; but St. James's had the greatest distinction, as a "good observer cannot speak with even Kidney\* without clean linen."

The learned controversies at the Grecian frequently occasioned quarrels, which led to serious results; and on one occasion two constant companions, disputing over the pronunciation of a Greek word, settled the matter outside in the court with their swords, when

\* One of the waiters.

one of them was run through the body and died on the spot. The *entré* to the first coffee-houses was difficult, and the young novice had to go through a probationary period before his admittance. Steele recommended Shanley's coffee-house, in Covent Garden, for young gentlemen, as they could not be expected to "pop in at Button's on the first day of their arrival in town."

Club. The Bedford ultimately fell into bad repute, as several well-known bullies used it as a resort, especially the notorious Tiger Roach. Horace Walpole relates that the Hon. Mr. Damer, son of Lord Walton, shot himself there, after having supped upstairs with four common women and a blind fiddler; and three years later, in 1779, the Rev. Mr. Hackman spent the hours in the bar prior to



MORNING

The Bedford coffee-house, in' the Piazza, was more particularly affected by actors, and within its walls Garrick, Quin, Foote, Macklin, and Murphy used to meet daily; but they were often joined by Sir Horace Walpole, Pope, Feilding, Hogarth, and Sheridan. It was a great meeting-place for the critics, dramatic and literary, and later became the home of the famous Beef Steak

murdering Miss Ray, who had refused his advances as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. Miss Ray, who was born in Henrietta Street, was then living under the protection of the gay Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord North's Cabinet. The notorious Selwyn exhibited an extraordinary taste for morbidity in the affair, as, after Miss Ray's body had been brought to

the Shakespeare tavern, in the Garden, he put on a long black cloak and sat in the room with the corpse as a mourner, and afterwards, it is said, witnessed Hackman's execution at Tyburn.

The Beef Steak Club, after migrating from old Covent Garden Theatre, took up its head-quarters at the Bedford, whence it was finally transferred to the Lyceum. The club was instituted by Rich, the pantomimist, and manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Rich was once visited in the theatre by Sir James Thornhill, his son-in-law, Hogarth, and Lord Peterborough, and, spending a very long time there, Rich, who was a man of very regular habits, commenced cooking his dinner by gravely clearing the fire and placing a gridiron and steak above it. He invited Lord Peterborough to join in the simple repast, and his lordship was so struck with the novelty of the occasion that he spent the evening, not wisely, but too well, with the Bohemians of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. He suggested a renewal of the feast for the following Saturday at the Bedford, and the club was started, with "Beef and Liberty" for its motto, and beef steaks, port wine, and punch for its regular fare. The club was most exclusive, and among the later members were the Prince of Wales,\* before he became George IV., the Duke of Sussex, Duke of Leinster, Earl Dalhousie, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Sandwich, and a conspicuous feature of the club was the original gridiron that grilled the simple steak Lord Peterborough ate behind the scenes.

This Beef Steak Club must not be confounded with the other of that name, established some time earlier in Covent Garden, the president of which, Dick Estcourt, the elegantly dressed actor and author, was in the habit of wearing a gold gridiron round his neck at the club gatherings. Peg Woffington was a member of this club, and for a time officiated as president, or providore; according to Chetwood's "History of the Stage," this club was composed of the chief wits and great men of the nation.

\* The First Gentleman in Europe, having expressed a desire to become a member, was compelled to wait his turn till a vacancy occurred.

I must not forget to mention King's Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, while referring to the Garden's historic spots. This notorious place, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was nothing more nor less than a common shed, built under the portico of St. Paul's Church, and it was "known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown." The proprietor was a man named Tom King, an Eton scholar, and among the many notorious landmarks of the famous Garden, "King's Coffee-house," as it was facetiously termed, stands out very prominently. Hogarth has given us a graphic and realistic representation of the place in his print of "Morning," and it will be noticed in the accompanying photographs that the words, "Tom King's Coffee-house," can be distinctly seen.

A volume could be filled giving in detail all the interesting anecdotes and chronicles of this most interesting district, and of the famous persons who in earlier years lived in it. Some of the more modern wits, in whom the flame of Bohemianism was kept alive, clung affectionately to the haunts round the Lane and the Garden. The Owl's Club, so called from the late hours the members kept, held its meetings in the Shakespeare's Head, Drury Lane, under the presidency of Sheridan Knowles; and just at the side was Johnson's Alamode Beef-house, where Charles Dickens, when a boy employed as a drudge at Hungerford Stairs, used to purchase a small plate of the appetising commodity to eat with the daily supply of bread he carried with him. Thackeray drew his portrait of Captain Costigan from the swaggering Offley, who kept a well-known supper-room in Henrietta Street; and Douglas Jerrold had a longing affection for the old Bohemian haunt. The Shakespeare's Head subsequently became a tavern patronised by the actors from Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Olympic, and for some time it was under the proprietorship of Mark Lemon, before he became the editor of *Punch*, being assisted in the management by his wife, Miss Romer, the celebrated singer.

This article would not be complete without a reference to the celebrated per-



sons buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, contains "the remains of more men of genius than, apparently, any other church in London." The list is a long one, but I will only mention the notorious Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset; Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," who died penniless in a garret in Rose Street, Covent Garden; Sir Peter Lely; Sir Dudley North, the great economist; Dick Estcourt; Edward Kynaston, "the female stage beauty"; Wycherley; Grinling Gibbons, the eminent carver; Mrs. Centlivre, the witty actress and dramatist; "Gentleman Wilks," the actor; James Worsdale, the painter; Dr. Arne, one of the best of Bohemians, and the composer of "Rule Britannia"; Macklin, John Wolcot, and Peter Pindar, the satirist of George III., whose request of being buried near Samuel Butler, "whose genius and originality he greatly admired," was faithfully fulfilled. Excepting a small tablet to the memory of Macklin, the churchyard contains no monumental memorials of the dead; but it is satisfactory to know that the most brilliant lights of our arts, drama, and literature, who lived and laughed together in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, should find their final resting-place in the spot they loved so well, and



LITTLE WILL AT THE TURK'S HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE

that even in their death they were not divided. As if to solidify their Bohemianism, Button, of coffee-house fame, who had so often fed and entertained them in the "wee sma' hours," was also buried in St. Paul's, and a curious epitaph on his gravestone, long since erased told how—

Odds fish and fiery coles,  
Are graves become Button-holes.



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

## CHAPTER VI.

### A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

WILL any woman, married or single, who reads this story, try for one moment to imagine herself in Mrs. Lorraine's place? Taking even the most cheerful view of the situation, what would she think? What would she do?

This woman's husband had been suddenly and most inopportunistically called away on business. That was literally all she knew. Of the nature of that business or the names of persons connected therewith she was completely ignorant, and this not through any fault of his, but simply of her own. She had forbidden him to talk of business in her presence. For the last two weeks he had daily expected a summons to London or Southampton, but that summons, so far at least as she was aware, had never come. He had gone off seemingly at a moment's notice, saying he would return in an hour; it was next morning now, and still he did not come.

The feelings that assailed her with the dawn were altogether different from those she had experienced the night before, when wearied out with waiting she had given way to tears of mortification and humiliation on realising her own forlorn position. Now her thoughts were less of self and more for Philip. She could not divest her mind of the fear that some evil might have befallen him, yet she was powerless to act in any way so as to relieve that fear.

She had her bath, arranged the bed to look as though it had been slept in, put on her travelling dress, and breakfasted.

The rooms were situated in the quietest part of the hotel, and the sound of street traffic was like the distant and subdued roar of the sea. The view from the windows consisted of roofs and chimneys, and smoky sky. She felt she could not endure to remain indoors, that going out into the air might break the spell, and that when she came back Philip would be there.

She dressed herself in nervous haste and descended the stairs, and, though many persons were passing up and down, it never occurred to her that she could know any of them, until, when she reached the hall a gentleman raised his hat, and she recognised the tall figure and weather-beaten features of Major Hamilton Higgins. His expression was one of kindly interest, which immediately caused her to wonder if she looked unhappy, or in any way an object for compassion.

"My husband has good health generally, but has been rather worried with business matters lately. I read that murder case last night," she said, pointedly, to change the subject.

"And you found it interesting?"

"Very. Do you think they have got the murderer?"

"You've not seen this morning's account?"

"No."

"Then read it. I won't spoil the interest by telling you. I've concluded



"SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN NERVOUS HASTE"

This fear prompted her to assume a gaiety and carelessness she was far, very far from feeling.

"Good morning!" he said, "meeting you again seems kind of homelike after travelling together yesterday. Been in London before?"

"Oh, many times. I love London."

"This is my first visit, and I've been seeing around already this morning. Your husband well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Looked real sick yesterday. You'll excuse me passing the remark?"

to attend the inquest of the victim at twelve o'clock. Are you waiting for your husband to go for a walk around?"

"He is out. I am going——"

Here she hesitated and he filled in the sentence in a way that earned her gratitude.

"You're going to join him, and I'm detaining you. Allow me to see you across the pavement."

With a stately courtesy that seemed a part of his nature, he escorted her to the other side, then left her, and she walked quickly along the Strand, re-

turning to the hotel shortly after noon; but alas to find no Philip, neither was there any news of him. To settle down to read or work was impossible; music alone had power to soothe her. But strange to say, as the day advanced she became more reconciled to her position, and entirely lost all feeling of fear that evil might have befallen Philip. She reasoned thus: It must sometimes happen that men's business affairs detain them hours, even days, longer than they expect. Had she been married a few years instead of as many hours, she should probably treat the matter lightly. Why not do so now? Perhaps Philip had been compelled to run down to Portsmouth without a chance of letting her know. He must return to-morrow; for that night they were bound to be on board the——; *then* they could afford to laugh together over his mysterious flight and her discomfiture. His explanation probably would be so simple she would be lost in wonder that she had not thought of it.

She wrote to Dora announcing their arrival in London, and repeating her promise to send a line from Southampton on the morrow. Then she dressed for dinner, as on the previous evening, and was returning to the sitting-room when the waiter appeared, followed by Griffiths, who, first assuring herself that Nella was alone, and the man gone, exclaimed:

"O, ma honey, but aa thowt aa'd nivvor find ye! They divent knaa the nyems iv ony body iv this big hoose: they just noombor ye like convics'. An' hoo are ye, ma dearie, an' whor's Mr. Lorraine? Whor's yor good man?"

"O, I'm very well, and — and — enjoying London immensely." What humbugs women are! but Nella blushed furiously as she spoke this bare-faced lie. "Mr. Lorraine is out at present, so sit down, Grif, and tell me how you got here, how you left everybody, and if the Indian luggage is in the hall all right?"

"O, aye!" That's reet eneuf. An' aa browt heaps of messages. The Canon, an' Mistress Scroley—she peart as ivor—came thorsel's te see us off. An' them fishor lasses—O, but they bin nigh the death o' me. Born niggers canna be warse."

"Dear girls! Perhaps you'll find it easier to get reconciled to the Indians, who are *not* niggers, remember, Grif."

"Mebbes," she said dryly. "But aa'm botherin' ye. Let me gan te ma room an' hev a wash; Lunnon's blacker nor Oldcassel. Ye leuk rare an' bonny, m'am, as a wife; aa mun think o' ye as missie ne langor."

An adjoining room had been prepared for Griffiths, and Nella told her after she had had her tea to come back, for her talk enlivened her.

Nella had begun her solitary dinner when the woman returned, looking almost dignified in her plain, blue-black silk gown, her comely face shining with soap and water, her greyish hair closely banded beneath what was only in fact a slight modification of the old "mob-cap."

"Sit down, Griffiths, and whilst I dine please tell me about your journey here."

"But—the Maistor?"

"When he comes you can go to your own room at once."

The smile died out of her face, and Nella felt herself being looked at keenly.

Griffiths took the seat indicated, but as long as the waiter lingered she replied only in monosyllables; when they were once more alone, she said:

"Aa divent like te see ye dinin' aal alone, Mistress, an' aa can't git ower it. Business is aal reet eneuf iv its pleece, but when a gentleman leaves a bonny bride only married yestorday——"

"Now Griffiths, not a word against my husband."

"Aye, we're aal alike, gentles an' simples; say a word agin' wor good-man an' we're fit te flay ye! But noo aa coom te leuk mair at ye, ye seem a bit worritted like. An' what's mair natural noo? How lang's the Maistor been gan, an' when 'll he be back?"

This was an awkward question to answer, and she was shrewd enough to perceive that somehow the conversation did not please the lady, for after a moment's pause she continued:

"Ah, but thor's fearsome things happenin' for-by. Folks was talkin' iv the train aboot a mordor—a poor young lady throttled iv a railway carriage an' robbed tee. Thor'll be a sight mair mordors noo, ye'll see."

"More? O, you dear dreadful prophet of evil, why?"

"Did ye ivoor hear tell o' yen sewyside or yen mordor an' ne mair? They're smittle as measles, honey."

"I wonder if they've got the murderer yet?" Nella remarked absently.

"Getten him? O, aye. They've getten him safe eneuf. It's just a pity they didn't hing him up te the forst lamp-post the villain."

"Why, Griffiths, what a blood-thirsty old dear you are. You seem to have been revelling in horrors. Will you believe it, I haven't felt sufficient interest even in that dreadful case to open a newspaper to-day?"

"An' ne need neither, when folks taaks o' nowt else, and placards is starin' yor vory eyes oot aall ower. But aa'll gan te yor room noo, mistress, an' see an' set yor things reet."

So saying she passed into the bedroom, but it was not long before she opened the door again, and, looking mysterious, said in an agitated voice:

"Aa canna see nowt belangin' te—the Maistor."

"What do you mean?" cried Nella, flushing scarlet, and starting up from her chair. "Arrange my things, if you like, but don't——"

"Thor's neer so much as a brush nor comb, nor slippors—there's nowt! His vorry portmantle's gyen. O, Miss Nella, mistress, honey—thor's summit wrang an' ye winnot tell me! Aa read it iv yor feace."

"Don't be silly, Grif! There is nothing wrong—what could there be?—excepting in your own foolish imaginings. Look at me," and going close to the woman she laid a hand on her shoulder. "Look, I am laughing, actually laughing at you for a silly, fanciful old dear. Could I look you in the eyes and do that if there were anything wrong with Philip? If I don't mind his going away on tiresome business, why should you?"

"O, aye. Ye're alaughin' wi yor lips an' cryin' iv yor heart. D'ye think aa din't knaa a true laugh frev a sham yen?"

"Go to bed," said Nella, really angry now. "You're tired with your journey and—cross—and—and—disagreeable. Go!"

"An' what'll ye do then, ma honey aall alone?"

"Sit up and wait for my husband. Good-night."

## CHAPTER VII.

### BRAVING IT OUT.

ALL this was mere bravado to deceive Griffiths, for indeed poor Nella felt very sick at heart that Philip did not write or at least send a telegram to tell her where he was.

Their engagement had been so brief that she had no letters to re-read to cheer her. In default of this consolation she took from her purse pocket-book two folded papers—one, the telegram received from her husband at Gulcotes; the other contained some impromptu lines Philip had given her only a few days before.

*"Should Fate decree for thee and me,  
To share life's joy and misery,  
O! may the misery be mine  
And all the happiness be thine."*

It cannot be said that the re-perusal of either telegram or lines did her much good. She preferred to regard everything from the most cheerful standpoint, and those rhymed words of Philip's showed only too plainly the naturally despondent character of his disposition.

She replaced both papers in her purse, then threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the couch and somehow the night got over.

When morning came and brought neither letter nor sign, she observed the same course as on the previous day so that Griffiths might suppose she had been in bed and slept as usual. On drawing aside the window curtains she found the sun was actually shining for the first time since she had left the North; there was blue sky distinctly visible above the roofs and chimneys; some poor little smoke-begrimed London sparrows were twittering merrily; everything augured well, for Philip *must* come that day!

The fact of there being neither letter nor wire, of course, seemed only another proof that Philip had finished his business and would come.

Griffiths was silent but watchful while assisting her mistress to dress.



Obviously the woman was clinging obstinately to the opinion she had expressed the night before, namely, that somehow Philip was to blame.

The quiet assurance from Nella that he was detained by business failed to satisfy her. She preserved a stolid countenance, only spoke such words as were necessary, and sighed continually.

In the afternoon Nella heard from Philip—heard that he was still detained and could not come.

There was a mystery about that letter. A commissionaire brought it. He came up to the sitting-room, and Nella was thankful afterwards that Griffiths was not present.

The man looked as uncommunicative as Philip's other messenger. He held the letter so that she could read the superscription, which was this:—

"Mrs. P. L.,  
Charing Cross Hotel."

Nella put out her hand to take it, but he kept hold of it until she said:

"The writing is known to me. The letter is for me. Wait."

Then he gave it, and she sat down with her back to him while she read:—

"Dearest,—Fate is indeed cruel! A business affair which held promise of being transacted in an hour has grown to such magnitude that it cannot be completed before Friday afternoon. I am well, and should be comparatively happy if assured that you are so. There are many distractions in London. Take Griffiths with you and amuse yourself, my loved one. Do this I pray, so that the time may pass more pleasantly with you—and tenfold less wearily with me, knowing you do not give way to sadness.



"SHE SAT DOWN WITH HER BACK TO HIM WHILE SHE READ"

Let me picture you happy, even while you think of me as flying hither and thither about the country transacting dreary business with various engineering firms, the very nature of which is too dull and prosaic to detail to my darling. I need not say—you will have guessed it—we cannot sail to-morrow night. I have foreseen and provided for all that; and, though you know the consequences, let not this distress you, Nella. If your trust is—as your love is—perfect, for that love's sake be happy until I come on Friday afternoon. My God! what can I have done that Fate should prove so cruel? Why am I doomed to cast a shadow on the life of her for whom I would gladly die to save her an hour's pain! Send me a line to say you are well and happy. Neither address nor signature required. Your reply will reach me safely."

She read this once, she read it twice, feeling all the while that there was something between the lines which was

not traced in ink. There are people said to possess the gift called "second sight." Had Nella this questionable gift? If so, it was to a very limited extent indeed, for, though she could have sworn a double meaning lay concealed in every line, yet was she powerless to read it, and could only gaze helplessly on the paper, striving to find the clue.

All at once she remembered that the messenger still waited. Going over to the writing table she wrote these words:

"Picture me as you wish. I will do my best to resemble it. After all, there is but to-morrow—tiresome to-morrow—that has the bad taste to obtrude itself between us and—next day."

It was a poor, miserable little attempt at playfulness. She could write no more; if she had it must have divulged the truth. Tears sprung to her eyes, a lump rose in her throat as she placed the note in its cover.

"Where will you take it?" she in-

quired desperately as she gave it to the messenger; but he answered curtly:

"The gentleman will get it, lady. It has to go through the hands of another party. I know nothing more."

Then she signed to him to go quickly.

She had heard from Philip but his words failed to satisfy her; although they told her she would see him on Friday, she could scarcely feel glad.

Later, she told Griffiths of the letter and of their altered plans. The woman neither asked questions nor made comment, only looked askance and sighed in a manner that spoke volumes, but which at any rate was preferable to speech.

The remainder of that day passed and all the next. Nella went out, taking Griffiths with her, but the life she led seemed vague and unreal—doubly unreal was the occasional joyousness she assumed in her sad and vain endeavour to verify the picture Philip wished to form of her.





## Across the Water

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Grip," "The Price of a Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ALL the world is ready and willing to admit that the English are the greatest wanderers on the face of the globe. The Americans, perhaps, run them very close, but I believe that the percentage of English people who take their holidays abroad is much greater than that of any other nation.

Yet it is not always an easy matter to take one's holiday in a foreign country. The time at one's disposal may be too short to admit of spending many hours, or perhaps even days, in a railway carriage after crossing the Channel. There may be a family to consider, or it may be necessary to include English nurses or maids in the party, and servants are not very desirable additions to one's *impedimenta* on a long journey. There may be plenty of money for going to the seaside, to pay for a good hotel or excellent lodgings, to allow for all the pleasures and excursions which go to make up the joy of holiday-time, but there may be none to spare for long journeys.

To such as these, then, who wish to find complete change, both of life, of houses, of habits, of manners and customs, let me say that in less than three and a-half hours after leaving their native shores all these joys may be obtained as soon as the traveller sets foot on French soil at Dieppe. Here is a town which can and will suit all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from the affluent few who wish to be fed by a *chef* of the first order, to the couple with a growing-up family, who don't mind, and indeed rather enjoy, camping out in a cheap flat and, as they put it, "foraging" for their meals in one or other of the numerous and excellent restaurants with which the town abounds.

There is excellent accommodation for each and all. On the Plage are several first-class hotels, at which good rooms, perfect cleanliness, and very good cooking are assured at reasonable charges. Besides these, there are many more quiet family hotels, to which ladies can go with their children in perfect confidence.

There are also several good boarding-

houses, and furnished houses, and *appartements* innumerable.

But by *appartements* I do not mean what is known in England as furnished lodgings, which are practically unknown in France, or at least in Dieppe. An *appartement* is a flat or suite of furnished rooms, which may be had for a price varying from twenty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds for the season. Furnished houses and flats in Dieppe are usually most comfortable. Carpets are not much in evidence, but French beds are excellent, and are always beautifully clean, as indeed houses and flats mostly are.

If the tenant wishes to live at home,

Most people going away for a change would, I think, infinitely prefer to have their houses and cooking as French as possible. One can imagine no change so great for an English house-mother as to have a quiet, tidy woman appearing every morning in time to serve the first breakfast of coffee and fresh rolls. Then to go out to spend the morning according to her will, to turn into the restaurant of her choice at twelve o'clock for a delicious *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and to have a long afternoon before she need think about dinner at seven o'clock. Materfamilias is relieved from all house-keeping cares and at very moderate cost; Paterfamilias is thoroughly well fed, and



BATHING OPPOSITE THE CASINO

a servant, or perhaps two, must be found—a very easy matter, as there are always plenty of capable persons willing to take a place for a season. If he wishes to live out, a *femme de ménage* is usually engaged to come in every day for a certain time. The *propriétaire* generally knows an assortment of these good ladies, so that no one is ever stranded for very long. I knew several families last year who had a *femme de ménage* each morning to do up the rooms, and made arrangements with some favourite restaurant or pastry-cooks to provide luncheon and dinner at so much a head per week. In the case of those without very young children this system works very well.

the young people enjoy life with a zest which nothing gives like a spice of complete novelty.

If, however, there are more than two or three of these same young ones, it is better, or at least a little cheaper, to live at home; but this, of course, confines the movements of a family very considerably. If the family and its shelter, be it a house or flat, be small, then a *bonne à tout faire* is all that will be required by modest people. But if the family be larger, or more service is required, a *cuisinière* and a *femme de chambre* are the necessary blessings who will do everything between them. The cook will ask from 35 to 70 francs a month, according to her capabilities and

the style in which the family have settled themselves. The *femme de chambre* will ask from 30 to 50 francs a month. In some ways French servants are a little trying. They are very quick and personally intelligent, but their training is wholly different to that of their English sisters. They have always a ready smile and a certain quick courtesy, and they are wonderful at what I may call "keeping things faced up." They can all cook on emergency, and they all know the right people to call in at any moment to do any mortal thing that their family may happen to require.

It is by far the best plan, if the family decide to live at home, to let the cook or *bonne* do the shopping. She knows how to get everything at fairly reasonable prices; she may charge a little more than she pays, and often does, but in the long run it is the mistress who gets the benefit of her experience and connections.

And now, having settled our family under a roof of their own and having given them their first breakfast, let us take them out to spend a long morning in Dieppe. There are heaps of things to do. For the dawdler, the idle, and those recovering from illness and not fit to take much exertion, besides the noble Plage and beach there is the town itself, with its quaint old-fashioned streets, its amusing fish-market, its well stocked shops and its ordinary array of market stalls.

Then there is the Terrace of the Casino, where the non-energetic can sit close by the sea wall, under a wide awning, and listen to the band, talk, read, work, watch the children disporting themselves on the beach below, or see with intensest amusement the various bathers emerge from their little cabins just below the wall of the Terrace, look-

ing quite like classic figures all swathed in their Roman togas, to return presently dripping and dishevelled to seek once more a friendly shelter. By the way, two boats with attendants are always stationed just off the shore when the weather is such as to permit of bathing. But supposing that the family is not entirely composed of either idle or non-energetic people? Well, there is tennis to be had in the Casino grounds, and there is a reading room, with *Punch*, the *Times*, and many other English papers, while outside the Casino there are no end of morning occupations. Part of the family will like to explore the town itself. There is Saint Jacques, with its beautiful west



ST. JACQUES' CHURCH.





• RUINS OF ARQUES CASTLE

front, its lovely interior, its many little chapels, especially the Mariners' chapel on the north side of the nave, and its wonderful stone carving like lace-work at the back of the high altar. There is Saint Remy, an older church than Saint Jacques, with its deep-sounding bells and its wonderful organ. The French Protestant Church is not far away and is well worth a visit; and over the water, in the district known as the Pollet, is a most quaint old church with priceless paintings, which no one should leave the town without seeing.

Others may be glad to mount their cycles and go off to the big hotel at Puys for breakfast. Puys is a charming little village of chalets small and large, dotted like doll's houses along both sides of a steep ravine. There is a sweet little bay with a hard sand shore—a delightful bathing-ground. The hotel lies just under Cæsar's Camp, and has a fine broad terrace where visitors may have lunch if they like. A good many notabilities stay at Puys. By the way, our own Lord Salisbury had for years a charming chalet at Puys, where he spent every moment he could steal from State affairs.

Or the family may wish to go to the near but beautiful Forêt d'Arques. For this their best plan is to ride out to Martin-Eglise, only three and a half miles, and there go and make friends

with mine-host of the Hôtel Lecourt. They will be received with the simple courtesy of a man who is in his way a celebrity. For Victor Lecourt has been a great rowing man in his time, and is an excellent cook now. While waiting for *déjeuner*, the visitors can explore the village, or go across to the bridge and sit on the stone ledge thereof, watching the sparkling stream which runs beneath, and thinking longingly of the trout which they will presently eat.

Then let the family drift away on foot to the Forêt, leaving their cycles in charge of M. Lecourt. How lovely it is, this Forêt d'Arques! So fresh, so luxuriant, so prodigal of everything that one would most like to have in one's own garden or conservatory.

Or if the family do not care to go into the forest, they can cycle on to Arques by the high road, and can there inspect the old Château. They will pass, about midway between Martin-Eglise and Arques, an obelisk which keeps green the memory of the great battle which had for its hero the gallant Henri Quatre. The Château d'Arques is a most interesting ruin, and the view which can be enjoyed from its walls is a very beautiful and comprehensive one, extending over miles and miles of rich and undulating country. From Arques the cyclists can return by a different way to that by which they came, passing

through the village and stopping to see the fine old church, with its graceful flying buttresses and its curious gargoyles. Then home by the road above the railway and past the racecourse.

If the family happens to be in Dieppe during the third week in August, they will of course go to the races. This week is the very height of the season, and Dieppe generally is very full of visitors of all nationalities. But the Plage is wide and the Casino is spacious, the race-course has ample accommodation, and the crowd is on the whole a well-dressed one, and not offensive in any way. In fact, I ought not to give my impressions at all without saying that such matters as might be offensive are extremely well managed in Dieppe, especially in the Casino. The average English idea of a French Casino is that it is, to say the least of it, "rapid." Truth compels me to say that at the Casino of Dieppe all is quiet, orderly, and seemly.

Perchance the family whose holiday I am planning is great on golf. Then let them hie away with their clubs up the Faubourg and up the shady lane at the foot of which they will see a red sign with the word "Golf" writ large upon it. Arrived at the top, where the lane again joins the main road, they will see the Golf House a little way beyond, and in front of it the Links stretching away to the edge of the cliffs.

Once passed in at the white gate under the French and English flags, the golfer will find himself at home, with a very interesting nine-hole course to negotiate.

There is a comfortable club-house, with every usual accommodation both for ladies and gentlemen. The buffet is served by the proprietor of one of the best hotels in the town. The charges

are most reasonable and the providings excellent, especially the afternoon tea, of which the caterer makes quite a speciality.

Another place to go to for afternoon tea is Pourville, a mile or so beyond the Golf Links. The cyclist gets a delicious downward spin all in full view of the sea, the road winding along the edge of the cliffs; and here let me say that the French roads are like a foretaste of a cyclist's heaven, so beautifully graded and well-kept are they. At Pourville the visitor must be sure to ask for *Galette!*

Pourville is a little sea-side place much loved of the wealthy Rouennais, who own many of the charming villas which,



THE PLAGE AND CASINO

like those at Puys, nestle in the sides of a ravine. It has also a tiny Casino.

Besides the few places I have named there are scores of interesting villages within a few miles of Dieppe which well repay a visit by cyclists and carriage folk.

Still, although Dieppe is all that an ardent cyclist can desire, and although the golfer can spend his entire holiday on the links (and some do), yet the great attraction for all is, of course, the Casino. There are many other amusements—regattas, cyclists' fêtes, fireworks, sports, reviews, grand band contests, and all sorts of diversions for the



POURVILLE BAY

benefit of the world at large, yet the Casino is the centre of the season's life. In the Casino one can spend the whole day if one so wishes. The great building stands in spacious grounds, charmingly laid out and beautifully kept up. Within its boundaries, amusement of some sort is to be found all the day long, from the 15th of June until the 15th of October. The morning I have already described.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the *Petits Chevaux* begin their fascinating courses. The gambling goes on from two to seven, and from nine to twelve in the evening, or even later if there are many players present. In the height of the season the tables are constantly thronged. The stakes vary from one franc to twenty on the columns, and from one franc to five on the numbers. The play is conducted with scrupulous fairness, but although luck often favours the player for a time, the odds are obviously on the side of the horses to the extent of nine to eight.

Of other distractions in the Casino there are many. Excellent concerts are given in the beautiful *Salle des Fêtes* every afternoon and three evenings of the week.

Three times a week there is dancing in the evening from nine to eleven in the *Salle des Fêtes*; and also on Thursday afternoon for the children. All these entertainments are free to those

who enter the Casino. On Thursday evening there is generally a play given in this *Salle*; for this a small fee is charged for the best seats.

At the theatre, which is hard by the Casino and under the same management, plays are given every Sunday evening during the season.

It may, perhaps, be as well for me to say that for season visitors to Dieppe, evening dress is absolutely unnecessary. I mean for ladies, of course, as men naturally dress for dinner, mostly wearing Monte Carlo jackets and black ties. The majority of people know this, but every season a few ladies turn up at the Casino in full evening dress, in which they look so supremely miserable that they would, I am sure, have been most grateful if anyone had given them a hint as to what clothes they ought to have brought with them. But let not travelling ladies go to the other extreme, and pack nothing but useful tailor-built garments and 'sunburnt' sailor hats. These are excellent for morning wear, but a smart gown or two, with hats or toques to correspond, are absolutely necessary for use in the evening. A smart light cape should also be taken, as it is a frequent custom on fine nights (and it is mostly fine in Dieppe) to promenade on the Terrace between the dances and during the half hour's interval.

Ladies dance in their hats, and wear

very smart dancing shoes. For the children's dances very light smart frocks are worn, and the little people have a very gay and happy time under the eagle eyes of Madame Paul, the famous Parisian Dancing Mistress, and the kindly Master of the Ceremonies. At the end of the afternoon, the children parade up the long room in fours, bowing and curtsying to Madame Paul and then receiving a cake or a sugar-stick from the footmen who stand with great trays on either side of the doors. It is one of the prettiest sights conceivable to see the youngsters, some of them mere mites of three or four years old, come

experience say nothing. I do know, however, that Baccarat is played there. But this year ladies are to be admitted for the two last weeks in August. If the concession is appreciated and proves advantageous it will doubtless be continued.

Leaving the Casino, I must remind the family that there are steam-boat excursions daily, and various points of the coast can be visited in this way with either pleasure or misery, according to the constitution of the tripper. There are diligences several times in the day to and from Puits, Arques, Pourville and other places.



ENTRANCE TO CASINO

toddling up to curtsy with skirts held out, receiving in reply a most stately salute from Madame. By the way, children can take a course of lessons of Madame Paul, who is an excellent teacher.

Nor do the weekly dances constitute the only amusement provided for the children. Every afternoon at two o'clock there is some special outdoor entertainment for them. It may be Punch and Judy, a Conjuring Exhibition, a Magic Lantern, or a Shadow Play. On wet days the youngsters have a part of the wide corridor specially devoted to their play.

There is a Grand Cercle at the Casino, of whose mysteries, as only gentlemen have hitherto been admitted, I can from

I have said nothing about Dieppe as a place of residence. The family may wish to settle in some fresh place for reasons of health, of education, or of economy. For people troubled with eczema, or of a consumptive tendency, I would not recommend Dieppe any more than any other sea-side place; but for those requiring a pure and bracing air it is a very queen of health resorts. The town is blessed with a superabundance of unsurpassable water, and so ample is the supply that in every street it pours unceasingly from stand-pipes day and night, and flows down the wide gutters, sweeping all impurities before it to the oblivion of the incontaminable ocean. I fancy a great deal of the general healthiness of Dieppe is due to this, and

to the fact that the town is so shaped, by the intersection of river and docks, that it is peculiarly open on all sides to the searching cleansing of wind freshly passed over the health-giving sea.

In conclusion, let me give a few words of advice to those who may be led by this article to come to Dieppe. First, to remember, if they are cyclists, that the rule of the road in France is to keep to the right, exactly opposite to our own. Then to avoid bringing with them articles which are not allowed to pass the Custom House. Matches are absolutely forbidden and are confiscated if declared, while if not declared their owners are liable to be fined to the rate of a franc a match! On tobacco, spirits, and tea, and any new articles of wearing apparel, duty is payable, and they must be declared at the Custom House.

Everyone should try to fall in with French ways as quickly as possible. Those who are prepared to pay fair prices for good things, who are polite to

all and ever ready with a little tip for a service rendered, seldom have complaints to make in a foreign country. Don't expect to have everything just as you have it at home, but remember that you will find some things a great improvement on what you are daily used to, and *vice versa*. If you want to know the English residents and are quite a stranger in the land, get a letter of introduction to some one living in the place. The English Colony is not a large one, but is most friendly and hospitable, and there are two English churches with a permanent chaplain to each. There is also H.B. Majesty's Vice-consul, Mr. Lee-Jortin, to whom any English visitors may go if in difficulty. It is not at all likely, however, that polite people, able and willing to pay their way reasonably and to do as they would be done by, will ever get into any difficulty out of which their own good sense will not speedily extricate them.



DIEPPE CASTLE FROM CASINO GROUNDS





WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY, Author of "The Gift of Life : A Romance," &c  
ILLUSTRATED, BY R. SCROPE-DAVIES

"**T**HEY'RE as like as two pips, bless 'em!" and a sound as of a kiss and a chuckle succeeded the exclamation.

The tired mother on the bed smiled as she heard the words of good old Nurse Hughes, and part of the "they" screamed from sheer cussedness.

"Lor' a mussy, strikes me there ain't no likeness inside 'em; it's the second one as has all the quietness to himself; reckon he'll grow the fatter and the faster."

"Let me see them, nurse," said the mother.

"To look on one is to look on both," replied nurse, carrying her double burden to the bed; "it'll be hard to tell 'em apart."

As Polly Bray inspected the infants with curious interest the door opened quietly and Pete Bray, the "head of the house" entered the room.

"Put them away, nurse!" he said quickly, "and tell me how your patient gets on."

"Why, you ain't looked at 'em, sir," exclaimed the indignant nurse; "it's not every man as is the father of two such beautiful sons."

"I shall see enough of them, I'll be bound, and without taking any special trouble to look, either."

"Pete," said Polly's voice from the bed, "think of two names beginning with the same initial; two names that'll lend themselves easy," and Pete Bray thought hard for full a minute, when he said:

"Joe and Jos comes of Joseph and Joshua, and begins with a 'J' and a 'J,' what say you?"

So "Joe" and "Jos" it was, except at the christening, when the twins were pronounced "Joseph" and "Joshua."

Months before they were breeched Joe's character was in shreds, but not so his brother's. After the breeching Joe's disposition to wrong-doing developed at an alarming rate, and by the time the twins had entered their teens Joe had established his reputation as a reckless ne'er-do-weel, while Jos, on the other hand, endeared himself to his parents by loving obedience, thoughtfulness and general good conduct.

Now Jos loved Joe and shielded him from many just punishments, pleading for him upon all occasions when he thought pleas would avail, often taking upon his own shoulders his brother's misdeeds.

At school things were the same; Jos was the "genius," Joe was the dunce. When the boys followed two leaders, Jos and Joe were always ranged on

opposite sides. Two or three times the schoolhouse windows had been broken by stone-throwing, and the indignant caretaker had hauled up Jos before the schoolmaster for his brother's misdemeanours. A word of explanation would have put matters right for himself, but Jos saved his words and his brother's skin.

Nor did Joe always appreciate the forbearance of Jos, but for this, it is true, Jos had largely himself to blame. He was strong in asserting his belief that poor Joe was little to blame for his ways, as he was unfairly burdened, from his birth, with bad qualities, while from some lucky bag of good things better gifts had been bestowed on himself. The theory comforted Jos, and it was quite as comfortable for Joe, who felt himself a fit object for compassion rather than scorn.

One of the gravest offences for which schoolboy Jos bore the punishments justly due to his brother was the burning out of Baldock's, the greengrocer's shop.

Jos, attracted by the flames, stood watching the commotion within and without the place, when a voice from the crowd shouted: "That's he; I'll swear to 'n; I saw 'n do it," and Jos was arrested by a burly policeman. As he was marched off to the station he passed Joe; their eyes met, and Jos had made up his mind. "Wild horses," he resolved, "should not drag from him the plea of innocence." And Jos kept his resolve, and took his birching with British pluck, and the jailer, noticing his elation, misconstrued its cause, and "laid on" harder to "take down swagger."

With tears his mother received him after the event, clasping him to her and using all the endearing epithets she could call to mind to ease his smart; but Jos smiled in her face and said: "It's only fair, mother, for you know how uneven things are for poor old Joe."

Joe showed sufficient penitence

on that occasion to promise his brother amendment, and for six days he was a very angel of innocence about the place, but on the seventh his snow-white behaviour took on a different hue, as he watched his opportunity to sneak out of school and free all the roving town-dogs from muzzledom. Stringing together the wire bonnets, he suspended them outside the harness-maker's shop, the legend "Second-hand wire bonnets for sale" scrawled beneath. Luck favoured his enterprise, an unusual number of boys being away from school on that particular day, and the culprit was undiscovered.

School days over, situations were found for the twins. "You will find my son Jos worthy of trust and esteem," said his father to Jos's master. He was silent when he took Joe to his situation, for what could he say of one so reckless?



"THAT'S HE: I'LL SWEAR TO 'N.'"

One gloomy day in February Joe was dismissed his place characterless. His repeated unpunctualities, negligent appearance, and slovenly work leaving his master no alternative. Added to all these faults was a graver one, needing proof, it is true, save to his employer. On that same day Jos was promoted, and, of course, his "screw."

"Poor old chap," he said to Joe, clapping him heartily on the shoulder, "while you're out of a crib we'll share, and Joe said, "Thanks, old man, you're awfully good."

And that there might be the more to share, Jos did "overtime," and Joe thought him a fool for his pains.

A month after Joe's dismissal Jos was arrested in his master's office for "robbery with violence."

"You've made a mistake, officer," said Jos's employer; "a more honest man 't would be hard to find, and I've had a few honest clerks about me."

But the constable was determined. "There's them as can swear to his identity," he said; "them as saw him directly after the deed was done and recognised him as he stepped into the railway carriage this morning. I must do my dooty, sir."

"You can easily account for your whereabouts last night, Bray," said his master, kindly; "the fellow is mistaken."

But the hot blood leapt to the face of Jos, and in shame he hung his head.

"Come, my lad, come, cheer up; it'll all be as right as ninepence," said his employer; "I, for one, will never believe in your guilt; but pshaw! what am I saying? Your innocence will be established before all, and this fellow made to apologise for his impertinence."

The policeman smiled sardonically and led off his prisoner. And Jos maintained his silence.

At the trial credible witnesses swore to his identity with the guilty man, and, greatly to the astonishment of those who believed in his favour, he offered no defence, and judgment was passed upon him.

His employer spoke to him. "Bray," he said, kindly, "never mind the rest; look up, man, and tell me you are not guilty."

Quickly Jos raised his head, a bright smile illumined his face, his lips parted for a moment, then closed, the smile fading and a crimson flush dyeing his cheeks. He raised his hands to hide his misery, and at that instant his old master believed him guilty.

"I shall doubt myself next," he muttered as he left the Court. And so, for his brother's sin, "Jos" went to prison and wore the uniform of disgrace, and worked on the treadmill, taking exercise in the prison yard with a regiment of rascallions.

And Joe, during his brother's detention, lay low and kept quiet—and repented? Not he; he planned viler deeds when his substitute should be released. Artful and crafty as he was, he professed to discredit his brother's devotion in the home circle, and, by innuendo, inferred the hypocrisy and the rascality of Jos. But in truth he knew that Jos was genuinely heroic. His boyish days, and every day since, attested the sincerity of his unselfishness.

"Jos has no wits," Joe told himself, "and could not get into mischief if he tried. I have the brains and the 'go'; fools are always patient."

At the prison gate, on the morning of his discharge, Jos was met by his old master.

"Slip into your place again, lad," he said, "and live down taunts; there's a mistake somewhere;" and with the huskiness of gratitude in his throat, Jos said: "You're one in a thousand, sir."

The process of living down taunts is suggestive of sitting on spikes to dull the points; both taunts and spikes have a habit of making themselves felt. Askant looks, oblique phrases, petty actions on the part of fellow clerks, tricked out the office hours of enduring Jos. His patience was severely strained, but his brotherly love strengthened it. Not a word did he say to Joe about his troubles, but smiled when he called him "a lucky dog to have come it over the old Governor." There was another beside Joe who knew Jos to be innocent, and that other was their widowed mother. But she, poor feeble soul, stood in so much awe of scapegrace Joe that she could do little more than shake her head when his back was turned, which

it generally was on any mild advice she ventured to offer.

Things had gone on but poorly for Jos for twelve months after his reinstatement in his old desk ; but his careful work and pleasing accuracy were beginning to tell on his work-fellows, when for a second time he was arrested by the police, and upon this occasion for burglary. Then pity left his employer's mind, and indignation was kindled against Jos, whose behaviour seemed again inconsistent with innocence. He knew that he was excluded from return to his place and work, and that his noble employer's anger and contempt were incited.

"Sir," he faltered, "you have been so good, so generous to me ; believe me, I am guiltless of this crime, but if you would add yet another kindness to the many you have shown, do not try to establish my innocence ; it would cost me more pain than a judgment against me."

"Are you trying to screen——"

"Oh, please, ask me no questions ; I cannot answer them," and Jos burst into tears.

"Fellow, you are foolish and obdurate," declared his employer, "and you cannot expect that with your character gone I should again offend my clerks by reinstating you."

And so Jos left, being conducted by two policemen to the station and charged.

The burglary was one of a most daring character. Violence and cruelty characterised it ; the three ruffians concerned in it stopped short at nothing. One of these turned Queen's evidence, and swore that Jos was the leader in the whole affair. It was Jos, said the witness, who had gagged the old man and woman, poisoned the dog, allured away the servant-girl, and broken open the safe. It was Jos who fired at the officer appearing upon the scene, and he who carried away the "swag."

To all this Jos answered nothing. Was he not lifting Joe's burden, and did not Joe understand ? "Joe is not one to say much, but he feels the more," Jos persuaded himself, and his strong love for the rascally Joe lightened his load.

It was the first Sunday of his regained liberty, the first Sunday for eighteen

months that he was free to go where he chose ; and, unobserved, as he hoped, he stole into his old seat at church. Soon he heard a titter in the pew behind him, and his consciousness appropriated it. With bowed head he sat miserably in his corner, and for him the service was spoiled. As he walked through the churchyard on his way to the gate, he passed a group of girls chatting together pleasantly ; they caught sight of him, and a hush fell upon them.

"Hypocrisy is the worst form of rascality," remarked a platitudinally wise young man to a recipient neighbour on his left, just as Jos passed.

"Yes," was the answer. "I hate a two-faced rogue ; it suggests the 'rack-because-we-love-you.'"

One or two townsfolk, who should have known better, said significantly, "We must see to't that the shutters are shut betimes, now," and two ladies felt hurriedly in their pockets for their purses as they noticed the ex-convict. A string of ne'er-do-wells, as they approached him, bawled out, at the top of their voices,

Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk out, Mr. Fly ?

and then guffawed an appreciation of their own smartness.

Nor on Monday were things a whit better. He tramped about all day, looking for a job, asking anywhere and everywhere for even an hour's employment ; but all shook their heads or shrugged their shoulders, and refused him assistance. Tuesday he trudged out again ; he would ask several tradesmen, who had known and respected him in the old days before his trouble, to let him make up their books, or write out bills, or do anything that might want doing. He was just as unsuccessful : he found none needing his help.

Friday arrived at last, and, footsore and depressed in mind, he was passing the door of his late employer's, when out rushed three or four clerks. They pulled up sharp as they saw him, and one hissed in his ear, "The old man's disgusted ; he knows you're a humbug now. He'll not take you on again, don't you fear. You'd best bunk, or you'll get nabbed for loitering." Then, with a

"he-he-he," the jeerer moved away. But not far; in a moment he sprawled his length on the road, knocked down by Joe, and his two cowardly companions slunk off.

"Yersenseless idiot!" said Joe, "pipe another tune, will yer? and to another listener." And, linking his arm with that of Jos, the two brothers walked thus to their mother's house.

Joe's action, and the words accompanying it, struck a spark in the mind of the outcast Jos, and during the week the spark kindled to a flame. It was all he could do to keep this new light from Joe. This light shed its fatuous rays upon public opinion as to his rascality and hypocrisy, and showed Jos that the pains and the penalties he voluntarily endured, so far from leading to any good result, only strengthened the belief that he was hypocrite as well as rogue. He was, he felt indebted to Joe for the summary punishment administered to his jibing fellows; Joe had manliness, he argued, and dared many things; Joe was at heart a good fellow, and his gratitude was evoked by his brother's action on his behalf. Yes, all men beside Joe had turned their backs on him and scouted him to his face; Joe alone dared to acknowledge him. Poor old Joe, he was better than the canting saints whose tongues traduced him! And from this point his horizon "widened," and Jos leaped to a desperate resolution. He would not set up for better than Joe;

he would do such deeds as his brother did.

That night, as Jos lay on his bed, he planned to break into a jeweller's shop. It was the jeweller's where his senior godfather had bought the two silver mugs for the christening of the twins. Jos knew it well. He had spent many



"IN A MINUTE HE SPRAWLED HIS LENGTH ON THE ROAD"

a valuable minute, when on his way to school, looking in its windows at the gold and silver display.

He would say nothing to Joe, for, mebbe, he would be against his plan.

Again it was Sunday, going on for midnight. The weather was gloomy, the wind rising, as into the darkness



crept Jos, carrying in his pockets two or three tools, which he scarcely knew how to use, and a dark lantern. Knowing the place so well, and the weakness of individual shutters, he soon effected an entry into the sleeping jeweller's premises, and that so quietly, that Sambo, the old black retriever, never stirred from his kennel. Replacing the shutter, he proceeded without loss of time to collect everything he could lay his hands on. The look upon his white wan face was that of a man hunted to desperation. His hands trembled, his knees smote together, his heart thumped almost to suffocation; but his determination never faltered. "I'm no better than Joe," he thought, "nor half what he is, in many ways." In an agitation impossible to describe, he gathered his treasure, filled the bag he had brought with him to receive his haul, and darkening his lantern, drew the greased bolt of the door, turned the key, and stepped . . . into the arms of Joe!

"Gimme the bag," said Joe, sternly, "and walk on slow."

The astonished Jos could ask no question; a spell was upon him; he relinquished his ill-gotten gains and slunk forward.

Three minutes passed, and Joe was beside him. They walked on a quarter of a mile, neither speaking. Their own gate was in sight, when Joe said,

"First time, Jos, old chap, I've seen you sleep-walkin'. . . . You weren't? Bah! don't tell me, man. But there's no harm done, unless you've took cold. The gold and silver fellow won't find a pin missin', all's put back square; and I tell yer what, Jos, I'm going to try 'square,' too. To-morrer, and all the morrers followin', you and me'll work for our bread."

And Joe was as good as his word.

To-day the "Brothers Bray" are as honest, hard-working men as any in Redvale, and Joe persists that his reclamation is due to that "bit o' work Jos did in his sleep on Sunday night, time ago." Nor will he be gainsaid. But then Joe Bray is not a psychologist.





## An Eagle of Old Rome

AN eaglet of an Alpine wood,  
Bred in a lofty home,  
Snatched from its mountain solitude,  
Was made a slave at Rome;  
But first became (decreed by Jove!)  
A Roman maiden's care—  
A heart of empire ruled with love,  
A monarch of the air.

And when within his eagle eye  
The fire of instinct burned,  
Toward the distant Alpine sky  
His full attention turned.  
He feebly flapped his half-fledged wing,  
And heard the wild winds blow  
Among the sombre pines that cling  
Beneath the Alpine snow.

With plaintive scream each pinion drooped:  
The restless eyes confessed,  
An eager soul confined and cooped  
Within a feeble breast;  
But still the maiden did bestow,  
With hand of kindest care,  
Each want his craving growth could know  
While weakness held him there.

Behold! the fetter melts apace:

Maturity has brought

The power to win the pride of place

His soul so long has sought.

His pinions beat their native air—

A giddy, blue abyss;

The new-found freedom everywhere

Enthrals with more than bliss.

Poised in the haven of desire,

His drunken eyes survey

The Alpine summits touched with fire

Of slowly sinking day.

Why seeks he not his native wood—

His lonely mountain home?

Because the heart of gratitude

Is still a slave at Rome.

So when behind the misty world

The sun declined from view,

The eagle's pulsing wings were furled,

His bondage sought anew.

He swooped to earth. Around him rose

The city's hoary walls;

His strength was captive to repose

That even man enthrals.

Soft hands his plumage lightly stroked

Mild eyes his homage gained;

By kindness was his spirit yoked,

By meekness was he chained.

And so the friendship grew apace.

It nonplussed Rome to see

A tyrant so endowed with grace—

A slave so wondrous free.



## THE LUDGATE

Until, alack ! one day there crept  
    Athwart the maiden's door  
The shadow of the King. She slept  
    To never waken more.  
And ere one summer day could close,  
    Life's summer left her eyes,  
And from her funeral pyre arose  
    A flame to softer skies.

Hark to that scream ! From Heaven's deep  
    It throbs like secret woe,  
And down those mighty pinions sweep  
    To where the strong flames grow.  
They wrap him close in their embrace,  
    They mount the flaunting wind,  
As though to gain the pride of place  
    Which gratitude resigned.

\* \* \* \* \*

So when Italia's pride decayed,  
    And conquest slept at Rome, -  
Her legions from afar, dismayed,  
    Went sorrowfully home.  
Her valour, with no wars to win,  
    Folded her wings supine:  
Dropped from the clouds to burn within  
    The pyre of Rome's decline.

JOHN LEA.



# A Malayan Episode

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



ALAMAT, tuan! Allah! but what fortune to behold the tuan's face again after three years!

I looked at the speaker, a strongly built Malay, who was holding my horse's bridle as I dismounted before the government rest-house at Nebong Cras. In the gathering darkness I could not at first distinguish his features.

"Has the tuan forgotten me, his servant?" he cried reproachfully.

"Hassan! is it you?"

"The tuan speaks rightly. Allah! my heart rejoices to see my master once more. What news, tuan?"

"Good news!" I replied, using the Malay greeting. "And what brings you here?"

"I eat government pay, tuan. The rest-house is in my charge—if the tuan will step inside I will take the horse to the back and return for orders—Tabi tuan!"

The man saluted me, in Malay fashion, by putting his hand up to his forehead and disappeared with my tired mount.

Three years before Hassan had been my body servant, and after serving me faithfully for two, left to go to visit his own people, much to my regret, for he was an excellent worker. I was therefore pleasantly surprised to find him installed at the rest-house, for I knew he would do everything to make me comfortable. Rest-houses as a rule are not noted for luxury and cleanliness.

I was on my way up country to do some shooting with a friend and Nebong Cras was our rendezvous from which we were to start. My friend promised to meet me there the day after my arrival.

It was close on eight o'clock, by the time I had tubbed and changed into

fresh clothes. Dinner was laid in the verandah which adjoined the two boarded-in spaces designated bedrooms. Above my head, the brown atap roofing, intersected by laths and beams, was plainly visible, no in-between ceiling being deemed necessary. Hassan himself waited on me, and the principal dish, an appetising Malay curry was in itself sufficient to have satisfied a king. I praised his efforts and he replied with a pleased grin:—

"The tuan likes it? That is well, my wife made it!"

"Oh," I rejoined, "so you are married now! I suppose you are rich enough to keep six wives!"

"Allah tuan! The government is just and the wages small. I have but one wife."

"Well, if she made this curry, you have married a clever one. She must have cost you a great many dollars to get, eh? Here am I, not able to afford a 'mem' at all. Beyond doubt you must have money. What is it to be an orang kayah (rich man)?" I concluded jokingly.

"Allah! the tuan laughs at me. If the tuan will permit, I will show him my little son to-morrow."

"All right, Hassan, and we will see if his fist is strong enough to hold a dollar"—at which the brown face by my chair expanded into a satisfied smile.

The next morning brought me news that my friend had been delayed on the road and would not be at the rest-house till late that night. So having nothing better to do, I took my kodak, intending to explore the "campong," as a Malay village is called.

As I descended the steps of the bungalow, Hassan came up, followed by a Malay girl carrying a child of about two years old on her hip. She saluted me respectfully, while the

youngster lisped out a greeting also. Hassan informed me that these were his wife and child. The former looked about sixteen, with the smooth, fat round face, broad nose and thick lips of the average Malay woman, as well as fine dark eyes and a certain grace that was pleasing.

"So this is your son? He looks as fat as a rajah! How many verses can he recite out of the Koran?" I said, pointing to the naked brown urchin, much to the mother's joy and delight.

Hassan beamed. "What is the tuan's name, good for nothing that thou art," he cried laughing.

"Tuan Smeet," answered the child gravely, as he tried to pronounce my very ordinary name of Smith.

"He is as clever as a judge, no doubt about it. And now let us see if his hand is as strong as his head," I replied, putting a dollar into the grubby brown fist.

Hassan overpowered me with thanks. He had a genuine liking for me, and my little tribute to his son pleased him

greatly. The man, the woman and child presented a quaint picture, as they stood there against a background of palms, dressed in picturesque native costume. I pointed to my camera, and said:—"Shall I make a photograph for you to hand down to your children's children?"

The man shook his head deprecatingly. "Let not the tuan be angered at my refusal. He knows our faith. It is against the law of the prophet. Still, if the tuan insists —"

"Of course I don't insist," I replied, amused at his Mahomedan quibbles; "Please yourself. I did not know you were so strict."

"I am a hadji, tuan!" Hassan said apologetically, which meant that he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and was consequently looked up to by his fellow creatures as a person of distinction. All good Mahomedans aspire to kiss the Kaaba, or sacred stone, which act gives them certain privileges—to say nothing of an almost sure passport to the moslem paradise after death.



"NEBONG CRAS WAS A TYPICAL MALAYAN VILLAGE"

I dismissed the man with a laugh and took the direct path to the village, keeping my eyes open for possible subjects, and after five minutes walk found myself in the centre of the campong.

Nebong Cras was a typical Malayan village. Most of the huts were built on piles driven into the mud on the river bank for choice. For to the indolent native, such a site offers advantages not to be had elsewhere. Fishing being the general occupation of the Malay, he likes to live near his hunting ground. His boat often lies just outside the back door, close to a little wooden staging, from which water can easily be obtained with the aid of a bucket. There, too, the family perform their daily ablutions, a domestic function of great importance, and all that is drawn up to be splashed over the bathers, runs back into its original source, through the cracks of the flooring. Refuse of any description is got rid of in the same manner and finds a resting place on the black mud under the hut. It is all simplicity itself. Complications only arise when the river fails to sweep away what is thrown to it. For, then, baked by a tropical sun, the slime covered garbage begins to dispel an aroma the reverse of heavenly. But the Malay has a broad nose which can stand much in the line of smells, and he lives on in primitive content over the river, which is at once his source of livelihood, his drink, his bath, and his drain. There are no sanitary inspectors there to worry his soul and interfere with his domestic economies.

I strolled on, under the palms, the object of some curiosity, for Nebong Cras was far away from the centres of white men. The women covered up their faces and retreated into their huts as I approached, being shy of the presence of a stranger. But I could see them peeping through the lattice work at me. By degrees I left the campong behind and came out near some jungle not far from the river. I walked along a narrow track until I found myself close to a squalid group of Malay huts from which shrieks and yells were proceeding. A female voice was evidently abusing some one, and as I drew nearer, my ears were assailed by

language too gross for description. I walked round the back of one of the huts to see what was going on, and came upon a scene worth painting. In the centre of a little knot of natives of both sexes, stood two women; the elder, an ugly old crone, was behaving in an extraordinary manner, waving her thin arms above her head like one possessed, and showering coarse terms of abuse on her companion a handsome Malay of about twenty. The latter was smiling derisively and every now and then would make some absurd motion with her feet or hands, which the elder woman immediately copied—against her will as it seemed.

No one observed me, for a pile of timber acted as a convenient shelter, so I focussed my camera and managed to take a snap-shot, unseen of the group, as well as one of the dusky belle, whose good looks were remarkable in one of her tribe.

"Let Ma Teja go!" said one of the onlookers. "Why, make her lâtah. There will be trouble."

I understood now the extraordinary antics of the old woman. She was lâtah, and suffered from a nervous disorder which compels a person afflicted in that manner, to copy or mimic the actions of another one if the latter can surprise the former into losing his or her self control. A sudden fright will do this generally. The disease is more often found amongst the Malay women, and a perfectly honest woman will, when under lâtah influence, do and say the most outrageous things, of which she is very ashamed afterwards. European doctors have not yet classified this particular disease, but most are agreed it is some form of nervous hysteria, which the patient is unable to control under certain conditions. It is prevalent in all the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, but in some districts lâtah flourishes more than in others. Lâtah subjects are always conscious of their failing and bitterly resent being made sport of; and many are the tricks played upon these unfortunates. They will eat mud, dance and jump until exhausted, and even wound themselves if their tormentors only pretend to do the same first. They

are obliged to mimic any action, however foolish, when in a *latah* condition.

The old woman before me was an example of this sort, and was therefore in the power of her enemy, whose black eyes were flashing with malice and mischief as the torrent of abuse became stronger.

"Allah!" the former cried, panting with rage. "How darest thou play on my infirmity, daughter of a dog?" Here followed some plain statements as to the morals of the dusky beauty and those of her immediate relations.

The latter responded in equally unflattering terms, to the great interest of the onlookers. "The ugly one speaks 'long,' and her mouth is full of wind! Sudah! (finish translation). Go home, Ma Teja, and cover up thine head. It is unsightly to behold!" she cried, derisively.

"Hu! It is well for thee to speak of covering the face, shameless one! Thou who goest unveiled before the men folk and makest great eyes at the stranger in the campong!"

There was a general titter at this thrust, and the battle would have been continued with zeal, had not a brown urchin, naked as a Cupid, suddenly caught sight of me. He drew the attention of the others to my presence, and the group immediately dispersed, and in a few moments most of the people had gone into their huts, the old woman and her foe also leaving. On reaching the bungalow on my return, I found Hassan with a bit of sporting news for me. A large alligator had made its appearance in the river close to the village, and was occupying a mangrove swamp opposite. The villagers supposed it to be the same animal that had haunted a place higher

up, and already taken a woman and child. It was described as very large and cunning.

Hassan suggested I should try and have a shot at the beast. Its death would be hailed with gratitude, for an alligator is no welcome visitor at any time. I agreed to lie in wait for the man-eater that



"THE ELDER, AN UGLY OLD CRONE"

afternoon, a little after five o'clock, and when the hour arrived, set forth with Hassan for the spot. He chose an open space close to the side of the water, and opposite the above-mentioned mangrove swamp. The bank was pretty steep here. A jungle path to the right led to the village, but I could not be seen from it, as a clump of bamboos hid me completely

from the land side. I loaded my gun, lit a cigar and prepared to wait, after dismissing Hassan, who said he would return in about an hour. At the end of half an hour, I saw a movement close to the edge of the swamp. The water rippled as if some object disturbed it, and presently something floated to the surface. Had I not known the look of an alligator, I should have sworn the object was the trunk of a tree, so closely did the beast resemble that. I did not fire, as I wanted to wait until it crept up on to the mud and offered a surer aim. Slowly the ugly grey snout pushed its way out of the water, and already half the ponderous shoulders had followed suit, when a boat suddenly shot round the bend of the mangrove swamp, and, like a flash, master alligator slipped back into the river, leaving a series of little whirlpools where he sank. I anathematized the unlucky boatman, for in all probability I should have to wait a long time before another chance offered itself.

Letting my gun slide, I lit a cigar, and for the next few minutes sat enjoying the beauty of the sunset, which was gilding the sky with that gorgeous radiance seen only in the tropics. I revelled in the vermilion and crimson touches, which the river reflected like a mirror, as it placidly rippled past. Dusk would soon be upon the scene, and already the scent of the jungle, the earthy smell that pervades the air when the dew falls, was about me, while the night insects commenced to chirrup, and, what was not so pleasant, the mosquitoes woke up to action. A warning buzz and a few irritable bites from these voracious little poisoners made me decide to leave; but just at that moment the sound of voices came from the path at the back of my retreat, and I sat still until they should have passed. However, the two speakers came to a standstill to the right of me, and by their intonation appeared to be two Malay women quarrelling.

"Go in front or behind, but walk not near me, Kamea," said one voice, angrily.

"Art thou a raja's wife, to order me off the path?" replied number two, with a sneer. "It is open to all, and I walk where it pleases me."

"Wah! I talk not with one of ill-breeding. Go and gossip amongst the men-folk by the boats, as is the use of those without shame."

"Allah! but that is good to talk of shame to me. Dost forget, Ma Teja, all the pretty speeches that came out of thy mouth this morning? How the white tuan must have laughed to have seen thee!" retorted the second voice.

I was amused at hearing my name mentioned, and, getting up softly, looked round the bamboo clump at the speaker.

There stood the Malay beauty whom I had taken a snap-shot at that morning, and opposite her, almost facing me, the old woman I had seen perform the weird antics under lātah influence. She was not lātah at the moment, though—only very angry, and in her arms she held a child of about two years old, fat and brown, and dressed in nature's garb, as all native babies are.

"Insect!" cried Ma Teja, snorting with rage; "it was thou who madest me say them! Allah is just, and evil shall yet overtake thee, daughter of a pig! Since I counselled Hassan not to make thee his wife, thy tongue has not ceased to talk against me and the people of my house. Hai! I defile myself and the child by staying in such company. Sudah! Thy heart is black and thy speech as dirt! I go."

With a sudden movement Kamea stepped forward and gave the old woman's arm a tap. Ma Teja startled at the onslaught, lost her self-control, and in a moment became lātah stricken. She realized it at once and took refuge in a string of vituperations that are unprintable. Kamea laughed with malice and began teasing her victim, making her say and do things that made Ma Teja wild with anger.

"Let me go!" the latter said, clasping the child tightly. "Let me go, lest in my foolishness I harm the babe, or else surely shall Hassan teach thee a lesson, misbegotten one!"

"Hassan!" jeered Kamea, "nay, 'tis I taught him one when his heart was like water for liking of me."

"That is true!" added Ma Teja, "and the prophet be praised, he learnt in time that a virtuous wife is better



than one whose name is as a bad taste in the mouth! Did he not say so only last night, as his son played by his feet, and——"

"Said Hassan so? Then his pride needs a fall, and see, Ma Teja, thou shalt do it."

Kamea was beside herself with passion, and I was contemplating whether it would not be wise to show myself when she waved her arms and, turning to the river, made as if she were throwing something into it. The old woman, true to the *latah* impulse, did the same, and, without any hesitation, threw the child she carried into the water.

This all happened so quickly that I only realized the situation as the splash of the falling body, coupled with a slight cry, fell on my ear. I jumped forward and leant over the bank. Ma Teja was shrieking and wringing her hands in despair. The other woman vanished the instant she saw me. The dusk was creeping on, and I could barely distinguish the brown body of the child as it rose to the surface a few yards from where it first sank. The current was pretty strong here, and, calculating the distance, I took a jump, but failed to get close enough to grasp the poor little beggar at once. He sank again, and it seemed to be a long time before I finally caught hold of the naked slippery child and got his head above water. The current had carried us out some way

from the bank, which was steep there and unfavourable for landing, so I decided to swim round a patch of muddy swamp that came next, and try to get ashore lower down. I heard a voice from the shore shouting to me that help would come, and in a few minutes a confused sound of cries told me that those living near the river were preparing to send aid. It was so nearly dark by now that it was difficult to distinguish anything on shore. My one fear was—the alligator. Once these

ferocious brutes have tasted human flesh, they will always attack man, and I thought with horror of the awful fate that would be mine, should it once scent my presence in the water. I dared not shout, for fear that should betray me to the animal. All I could do was to swim on quietly and trust to Providence and luck to pull us through. Every little twig that touched my face or hands set a thrill of terror through my body. The unconscious child needed great care, and

having no clothes on, was difficult to keep above water, so my progress was very slow.

The suspense grew almost unbearable, when, to my relief, a faint "hallo!" forward told me that a boat had been despatched. The minutes seemed like hours, but at last we were rescued, and it was Hassan who dragged me into the boat, with many exclamations of joy and thanksgiving. As I sat down, wet



"KAMEA LAUGHED"

and dripping, one of the Malays said, pointing astern :

"Allah is merciful. Look, there is the boya ! " (alligator).

And sure enough, a dark mass fifty yards away showed what a narrow escape I had had. The brute must have risen to the surface shortly after we had floated past the spot. Hassan's extreme gratitude and marks of attention were a puzzle to me at first, until it was explained that it was his child I had rescued. Malay children, to my eyes, are all so much alike when young that it never occurred to me that Ma Teja's unlucky charge was the little boy to whom I had presented a dollar that very morning. My being near the place where the quarrel took place was a lucky coincidence, and the child recovered from his long immersion in the water without any bad after effects. Hassan had come on the scene almost directly after I jumped into the river, and it was his voice which had shouted encouragement to me from the bank.

From what Hassan told me, I gathered that his wife had taken their young hopeful for an afternoon visit to Ma Teja, who begged that he might be left, promising to take the child home herself at dusk.

It was while returning with the latter that she met Kamea close to my retreat, and as usual started quarrelling. The rest has been told.

Ma Teja was Hassan's aunt and foster mother, and as such had a great deal of say in his affairs. Her lâtah tendency was well known, but few dared to take advantage of it, partly because of the reputation she held as a "wise" woman, partly because she had influential rela-

tions in the village, who could have protected her if need be. Kamea, however, was one of those who took a delight in playing on her weakness, and that was done out of revenge, for Ma Teja had interfered once when her nephew Hassan showed signs of wanting to marry the widow. Kamea was a young person of enlarged affection, whose ways were flirty and flighty, and as the old lady did not approve of her as a niece-in-law, Hassan had a wife chosen for him out of a respectable family whose women folk, when young, went about decorously veiled before strangers. Kamea never forgave Ma Teja, and it was war to the knife between them, until the climax was reached by the river side. Hassan overwhelmed me with attentions during the remainder of my stay, and his wife presented me with a gorgeous sarong (Malay petticoat, trans.) of her own weaving. With the help of my friend, we managed to bag the alligator, and my respect for the latter was not lessened when on measurement he was found to be 12 feet long.

As for Kamea, she was not discovered in Nebong Cras, and I heard afterwards that she had fled further down the river to some friends, fearing that Hassan would have his revenge of her. I do not think she will ever dare to show herself in the same place as himself again.

Hassan never forgot the debt he owed me, and once a year at least I got a message from him, often accompanied by an inlaid kriss, an old siri (betel nut) bowl of silver, or something equally curious and interesting, as a sign of his gratitude and devotion. PŪTEH.



# Male Millinery

WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY



E males are wont, in our superior way, to associate the idea of sumptuary extravagance with women, and with women only. Frocks of silk roped with pearls! Costumes so ethereally beautiful, and also (but that is a detail) so unethereally expensive, as to cause even the least impressionable of husbands to catch his breath with surprised delight or (thinking upon his depleted banking account) gasp in holy horror, as the case may be! Hats at twenty guineas a-piece! A spray of roses, facetiously termed a bonnet; costing as much as would keep in passable comfort for an entire twelve-month the brown-skinned progeny of an Indian ryot! These and other similar lucre-lavishing devices are, we are wont to persuade ourselves, invented by, of, and for Jill: any similar weakness being altogether foreign to the nature of that very superior person, Jack.

And yet, when all is said and done, it is man, and not woman, who is the greatest and most persistent sinner in this respect. His extravagance in dress, when he gets a chance, knows literally no bounds; while, in the direction of ostentatious, and often, alas, tawdry magnificence, no woman that ever drew breath can vie with him for even a single instant.

Take for example the coat and cocked hat represented herewith—No. 1. There is nothing in Bond Street—no, nor yet in the great millinery marts of Paris itself—that can equal it in extravagance of detail. The gold lace alone is worth

nearly one hundred guineas; being all solid, and of the finest quality of metal throughout. Its weight is surprising. In fact it is more like a cuirass than a coat, and would doubtless turn a bullet quite as quickly and effectively as that invented by Herr Dowie.

Nor is it only ambassadors, and other "great ones of the earth," who are privileged to carry a small fortune upon



NO. 1.—SPANISH MINISTER—FULL LEVÉE DRESS

their backs. Glance at illustration No. 2. It represents part of the state livery of Wright, the Lord Mayor's coachman. Perhaps this same Wright has worn more expensive clothes—more of them, that is to say—than any other man living; for he has driven goodness knows how many different Lord Mayors, and each one must, in accordance with civic traditions, possess himself of a fresh outfit for himself and his staff. And at what a cost, too! The suit in question, for instance, which formed part of the outfit made last year to the order of Sir George Faudel-Phillips, cost nearly two hundred guineas. It is of "royal blue" velvet, heavily laced with gold, and decorated conspicuously with the Faudel-Phillips arms.

In sharp contrast to all this magnificence is the convict's dress from Portland (No. 3); probably the least expensive uniform ever devised, invented, or produced. It is made from old condemned army blankets; and its net cost to the Government—of course it is produced by convict labour—is three-halfpence.



NO. 3.—CONVICT'S DRESS



NO. 2.—PORTION OF STATE DRESS OF LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN

A very beautiful bit of stage "property" is shown in No. 4—the coronation robe worn by Mr. George Alexander in the "Prisoner of Zenda." It is throughout solid, massive, real; qualities the very reverse of those usually pertaining to this class of goods. The ermine is the genuine article, and the very best and costliest of its kind. The inch-thick velvet, from which the robe is cut, is the very finest the looms of Lyons could produce, and cost wholesale some four guineas a yard. Four pounds weight troy of gold was worked into the decorations. The Russian imperial eagle surmounting the helmet was specially imported from St. Petersburg, and is of that beautiful, glistening, beaten silver peculiar to the country of the Czar.

In No. 5 we are introduced to the tunic worn upon State occasions by the late French minister to the Court of St. James. It is very costly; but there is a revolutionary flavour about the tri-coloured silk sash, which is wound round the waist, and dangles voluminously over the sword-hilt. In striking contrast to the ostentatious magnificence of

the representative of a republic, is the plain, almost dowdy costume, shown in No. 6. It is the full-dress State uniform of Rustem Pasha, the late Turkish Ambassador; and exactly reverses our preconceived notions regarding the barbaric splendour popularly supposed to be inseparable from the official costumes of Oriental dignitaries. It is of dark-blue cloth, very fine in texture, but entirely unornamented. The sword-belt, however, is of pure gold throughout; and the nine buttons, each of which weighs three-quarters of an ounce, are of the same precious metal.

In Nos. 7 and 8 we are confronted with specimens of the most costly uniforms in the army and navy respectively; the one a full-dress tunic of an officer of the 11th Hussars, the other a levée-dress of an admiral of the fleet. In both, the cloth is of the very finest texture. Indeed, it is more like silk than wool. But it is the gold lace that "runs into" the money. There is some twenty-five guineas worth of this expensive stuff

on the hussar tunic; and the entire suit cost, new from the tailor's shop, exactly treble that sum. The owner of all this magnificence, it may be mentioned, met his death in a paltry scrimmage among the Afghan hills. "Two thousand pounds of education, dropped to a ten-rupee jezail!"

In Nos. 9 and 10 we are introduced to yet other specimens of flunkey gorgeousness. In the first-named, the coat and vest worn upon state occasions by the Lord Mayor of Dublin's coachman, the cloth is of the kind known as "royal blue," and the decorations, braid, etc., are of silver. The effect is exceedingly pretty, and, although sufficiently striking, is not altogether unchaste. No. 10 represents a portion of the State uniform of one of Her Majesty's pages. There is a whole host of these royal pages, each rejoicing in his own special uniform. This particular one, however, is that worn by a "Page of the Presence," and is of dark-blue velvet, embroidered with gold nearly five inches wide and half an



NO. 4.—DRESS WORN BY GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"



NO. 5.—FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S TUNIC AND HAT





FIG. 6.—STATE UNIFORM OF THE LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR



FIG. 8.—ADMIRAL'S LEVER DRESS



FIG. 7.—FULL-DRESS OFFICER'S TUNIC—11TH MUSEARS

inch in thickness. It is astonishing, by the way, what a vast variety of uniforms are annually used by the Court. In the Lord Chamberlain's office at St. James's Palace is a portly crimson-morocco-bound volume, containing a series of hand-drawn and hand-coloured plates, and representing nearly forty different costumes for as many classes of the Queen's servitors, from the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord High Steward downwards. But these are only the élite, the crème de la crème as it were, of apotheosized flunkeydom. In addition, nearly everyone of Her Majesty's attendants has his or her own special and distinctive dress. One of the most magnificent is that of the sergeant-trumpeter in the Queen's private band; although that donned upon State occasions by the master of the royal barge runs it pretty close. The most artistically beautiful of all royal uniforms, however, are undoubtedly those worn by the Queen's choristers—dreams of black, lustrous velvet; gold lace; pink silk stockings; and quaint, old-fashioned, diamond-buckled shoes.



NO. 9.—STATE LIVERY OF LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN'S COACHMAN



NO. 10.—STATE COAT AND VEST OF ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PAGES



ENGLISH AMBASSADOR'S FULL LEVÉE DRESS

The last illustration of all shows the tunic and cocked hat worn by our ambassador at Paris, on the occasion of the ceremonies which marked the inauguration of the late President Grévy. There is nothing very remarkable about the tunic itself, but the chasteness and richness of the gold-lace embroidery would attract attention anywhere.

It used to be a matter of some wonderment to the writer, in the old days ere he "peeked" behind the scenes, where all the many thousands of costly uniforms annually turned out eventually went to. For, be it known unto all men, that so perfect is the texture and so beautiful the workmanship of the vast

majority of these garments de luxe as to render them practically indestructible. The mystery proved, however, exceedingly easy of solution. The bulk of them are shipped to the west coast of Africa, from whence they find their way, in due course, and by the ordinary trade routes, into the interior. It thus happens that many a triumph of the clothier's skill is, at this present moment, gracing the person of some dusky potentate or other, in the gloomy depths of the sub-tropical forest. But it is sure to be minus its gold lace. *That* is invariably carefully stripped off by the wily Hebrews, in whose hands this curious trade chiefly is.



# Folklore Tales

## THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE OF APAHARAVARMA

"The proper study of Mankind is Man"

BY ANNIE C. HYATT-WOOLF



HE novel with a purpose we are all, more or less, apt to think is entirely the child of modern civilisation, yet undoubtedly its earliest parent was the tale with a purpose. And so this Sanscrit story, of ancient date—whose keynote is the eternal theme, woman—is but another proof, if proof were wanted, how near, after all, are the children of to-day with the

children of yester year.

Once upon a time, to begin with the good old formula, there lived a holy man or Muni on the banks of the Ganges. He devoted his whole life to meditation, prayer, and penance.

One day, while in the very act of praying, a lovely dancing-girl named Kamamanjari came and threw herself down at his feet. Woe and misery were stamped upon her face, her eyes were full of tears, and her beautiful hair was all dishevelled.

Before the holy man had time to ask the cause of her grief he was surrounded by a confused crowd of her companions, led by an old woman, the girl's mother, who was apparently much distressed.

A very babel of voices broke on the holy father's ears. As soon as he had

restored some sort of order to the crowd, he turned to the girl and asked her, not unkindly, for what purpose she had disturbed him in his retirement. With gentle voice and becoming bashfulness she replied :

"Oh, holy father, I have heard of your piety and holy fame, and also of your great kindness to those who are willing to give up the pleasures of this world for the sake of the next. I repent of the wicked life I am leading, and I wish to renounce it."

Then the mother could no longer hold her peace, and bowing until her grey hairs touched the ground, said :

"Worthy father, this daughter of mine would make it appear that it is I who am to blame. But I have been a good mother to her. From earliest childhood I have carefully trained her for that profession for which by birth she was intended. I have done all that I could to promote her health and beauty. She has been instructed in the arts of dancing, acting, singing, playing on musical instruments, painting, preparing perfumes and flowers, and in writing and conversation ; also the serious studies of grammar, logic, and philosophy have been unveiled to her. And in order that she might lack no charm conducive to her profession, she has been taught to play various games with skill and grace, to dress becomingly, and trained to show herself off to the utmost advantage in public.

I have hired persons to applaud her when she danced, and to go about and praise her. And now this grateless girl has fallen in love with a young Brahmin, and would give up her profession and marry him. And because I oppose this marriage, she declares she will renounce the world and become a devotee."

The girl looked pitifully at the Muni, and with tear-laden eyes mutely begged his aid.

The Muni shook his head and said :

"You would never be able to endure the hardships of the life you propose to lead. A life of devotion is a life of suffering. Its object is either absorption or paradise ; the first is only to be gained by the perfection of wisdom, but paradise may be reached by all who faithfully perform the duties of their station. So, therefore, comply with your mother's wishes ; return with her and be content with the life to which you were born."

But with many tears Kamamanjari replied : "Since you will not aid me I will end my miserable life."

The Muni, seeing his words had had no effect, reflected for a few moments, and then addressing her mother and companions, said :

"Go away, and return in a few days. I will give her good advice, and do not doubt but what she will speedily tire of living here ; and then she will go back gladly with you, and do as you wish."

They went away, and the girl was left alone with the Muni.

At first with maiden modesty she kept at a distance, carefully abstaining from interrupting his prayers and meditations, whilst rendering him many unobtrusive little services. She watered his favourite trees and gathered sacred grass and flowers for offering to the gods. And then as time accustomed him to her she sang songs and danced for him, and at last began to sit near him and talk of the pleasures of love.

One day, after having sung and danced, she came and sat near him, and said, "Surely people are very wrong in saying that virtue, health and pleasure are the three great happinesses in life?"

"How far do you regard virtue as

superior to the other two?" in return he questioned.

"How can the thoughts of an ignorant girl," she replied, "be worthy of attention from a wise man like you. But since you ask, I will tell you what I think. There is no happiness in wealth without virtue, but virtue is quite independent of happiness or wealth. Without virtue a man is nothing, yet if he possess it, he is so pure, that he may occasionally indulge in pleasures ; for any sin connected with his pleasures can no more stick to him than dust to a cloud. Therefore, I think that virtue is a hundred times superior to the other two."

And thus by specious argument she sapped his wisdom, and, then, by her winning ways she made him love her.

And he, forgetting all his former austerities, only sought to please her.

And when she saw how completely he was hers, she said, "Come, let us no longer dwell in the forest, but come to my house in the town, where we can have many more enjoyments."

And so strong was her fascination upon him, that he readily did her bidding. And she contrived to procure a covered carriage, and in the evening they went together to her house.

The next day was a great festival. On such occasions the king was accustomed to appear in public, and converse familiarly with his subjects. And not infrequently he would be surrounded by dancing-girls and actresses.

Then, with dainty wiles and gentle entreaties, Kamamanjari persuaded the Muni to put on a gay dress and attend the festival with her. And he, thinking only of her, and miserable if she were away from him, acceded to her request.

As they advanced towards the place where the king sat, the king looked up and saw her, and said,

"Kamamanjari, sit here on my right hand with that reverend man," and when the king spoke all eyes were directed towards them.

Then a lady rose up, and making a low obeisance to the king, said, "My lord, I must confess myself beaten by Kamamanjari. I have lost my wager, and must now pay the penalty."

At this a shout of merriment went up



from the crowd; and the king called Kamamanjari to him, and loaded her with costly gifts. And the great crowd greeted her with applause, as she walked away, the bewildered Muni following her like a man asleep.

Then as she neared her own house, before entering, she turned round, and making him a low obeisance, said :

"Holy father, you have favoured me with your company for a long time; it will be well now that you attend to your own affairs."

He started as if thunderstruck. "Kamamanjari," he cried, "what does this all mean? What has become of the great love which you were never wearied of saying you had for me?"

She smiled and answered, "I will tell

you all. One day that lady whom you saw just now quarrelled with me, arguing that she was more attractive than I. At last she said, 'Since you boast so confidently of your powers, go and try them on the celebrated Muni. If you can succeed in bringing him here, then indeed you may triumph. I will acknowledge myself your inferior.' Now you know why I came to you; I have won my wager. I have no further occasion for you. Go."

Bowed down with shame and remorse, the unhappy man slunk back to the forest, resolving to atone by true repentance and severe penance for his weak folly.

*L'Envoi* : "Can the dead past ever bury its dead?"





MR. C. KEARTON

*From Photo by W. S. BRADSHAW & SONS, Newgate Street, London*

## *Peeps into Nature's Secrets*

WRITTEN BY HERBERT C. FYFE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE are not a few photographers now-a-days who confine their attention almost entirely to natural history subjects. Among the most successful of these is Mr. Cherry Kearton. In conjunction with his brother, Mr. R. Kearton, also an enthusiastic lover of Nature, who is responsible for the writing, he has produced two of the most interesting books of late years: "With Nature and a

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Camera" and "British Birds' Nests." A few weeks ago, in response to an invitation, I ran down to Boreham Wood, where the Messrs. Kearton reside, and had the pleasure of hearing something about their varied and exciting experiences on their stalks with the camera after wild life, of seeing the collections they have made and the photographs they have taken.

By the kindness of Messrs. Cassell & Co., the publishers of the above-mentioned



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THE KINGFISHER

from "With Nature and a Camera"

books, I am enabled to reproduce here a few of Mr. Cherry Kearton's photographs. One of them represents a kingfisher, and was obtained in a most ingenious manner.

The bird used to come and sit on a little ash sapling which grew by the side of a pond near to the house. A round hole was cut in the side of a large wooden box placed on a gravel path, as near as possible to the ash sapling, and an old door fixed up in such a position as to hide from the kingfisher the approach of any one leaving a French

window at the end of the house. In addition to this, the gravel path was carpeted thickly with old sacks, so that the bird might not be disturbed by crunching feet.

The camera was placed in the box, the pneumatic tubing brought behind the door, and the photographer retired to a convenient spot to await the bird's arrival. Six days were spent in patient watching, and Mr. Kearton even had some of his meals brought to him for fear of missing a chance. These details will add not a little to the interest of the picture.

Another illustration shows us some gannets on the Bass Rock. To get it Mr. Kearton descended the cliff and stalked the birds from ledge to ledge—off any of which the slightest step meant a headlong plunge of 150 feet into the sea below.

The photograph "Rabbits at Play" is a very pretty one. This time the camera was concealed in the hedge, the photographer placing himself some way off and taking his picture at the precise moment, with the aid of a field-glass and a length of pneumatic tubing.

The two other illustrations show a coot's nest, with eggs in it (a very pretty picture, taken in a Norfolk marsh); and the young of the grey-Lag goose, taken on a small island in a fresh-water loch in the Outer Hebrides.

The brothers Kearton were born in North Yorkshire, and from earliest days have been keen naturalists. Although each has work which keeps him in London for the greater part of the year, they have seen more of the wild life of the United Kingdom than many a man who lives in the country and is master of his own time. Every holiday is used for some natural history expedition, and seldom do the brothers return home without some fresh pictures of bird or animal, and some new observations, which are treasured up until incorporated in a book. Often at three or four in the morning they are out of bed and off for a ramble with note-book and camera, ever on the look out for signs of animal life.

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe has declared that

the books which the brothers Kearton have published mark an era in natural history, just as certainly as did the magnificent works of J. Gould, and the "Rough Notes on the Birds observed during Twenty Years' Shooting and Collecting in the British Isles" of the late E. T. Booth.

Everyone must be familiar with the bird groups at the Natural History Museum, for they are numbered amongst the sights of London.

These groups faithfully represent the natural history of each species. The actual birds are there, but not as one so often (more's the pity!) sees them,



RABBITS AT PLAY

From "Wild Nature and a Camera"

CASSILL & CO., LIMITED

mounted stiffly on depressing little stands, things of "shreds and patches," just holding together by means of the taxidermist's wires: but with their nests, their eggs and their young ones, "exactly as they were on the day of capture; every leaf, every flower, being exactly reproduced."

The disciples of the "New Taxidermy" work in a broader spirit than did their forerunners. One of those who did most to further the better understanding of the stuffer's art was the above-mentioned Mr. Booth, who was perhaps the first man to place his birds

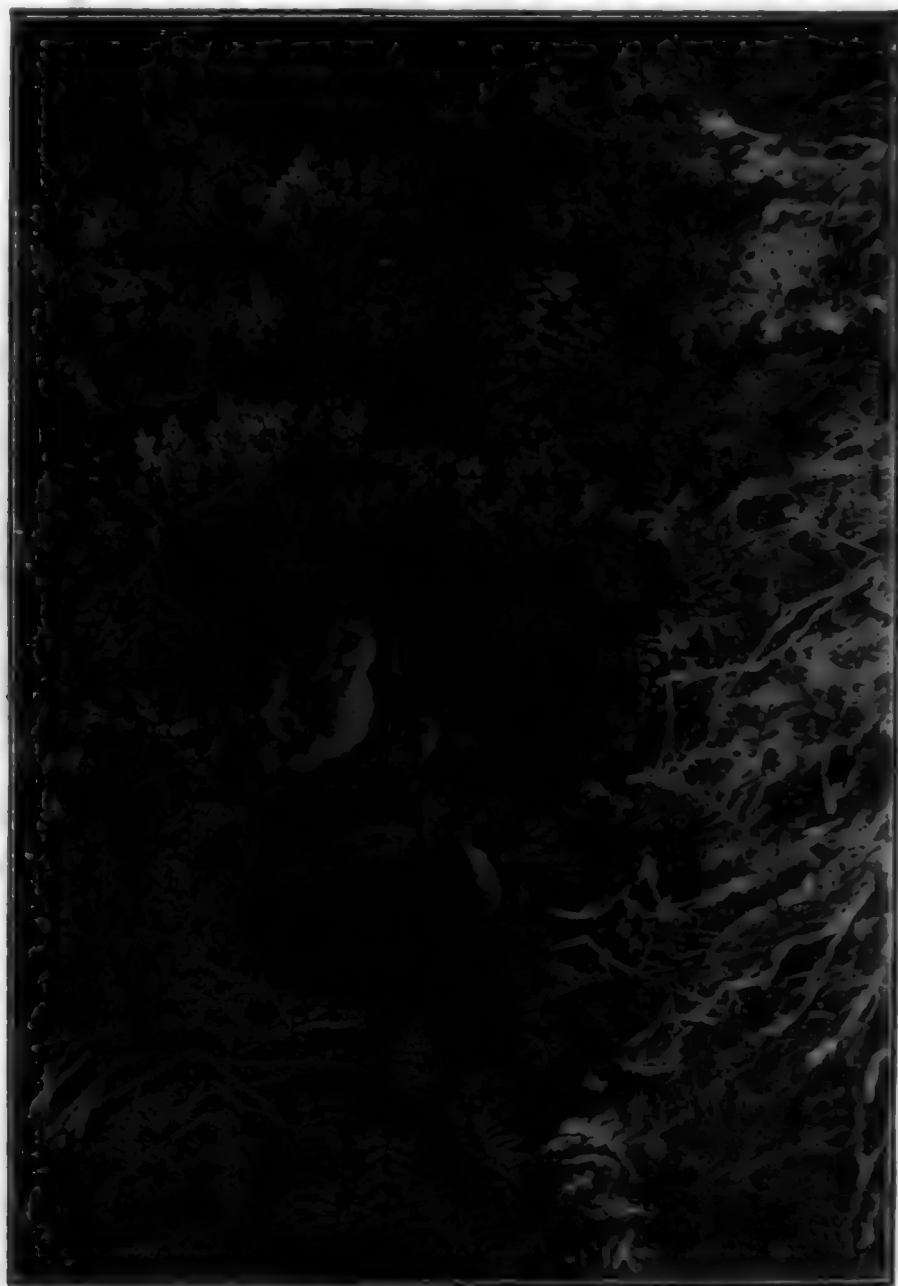
in cases, together with their natural surroundings.

It was only natural that along with this revival in taxidermy there should arise a desire for truer and better illustrations to books on natural history.

One of the first to recognise the superiority of the photographer's camera to the pencil of the artist in the reproduction of pictures of birds—wherein a

faithfulness to detail is a matter of the first importance—was Mr. R. Kearton, a writer who was already responsible for a book on "Birds' Nests, Eggs and Egg Collecting."

A few years ago he conceived the idea of illustrating a book on British birds' nests, entirely by means of photographs taken direct from nature, but Mr. Kearton has since told me that he did not



YOUNG GREY-LAG GESE.



then quite realise the stupendous difficulties of the task he was setting his brother and himself.

First of all the nests had to be found, and this, when the commoner species had been dealt with, was by no means a light undertaking, as anyone who has essayed the task of forming a collection of British birds' eggs will be prepared to admit.

"I have searched," said he, "from dawn to dark, day after day, for some nests in vain. Rivers, tarns, and bogs have been waded, and every likely and unlikely tuft, bush, tree, hole and cranny carefully examined without success. Often, when a much-coveted prize appeared to be within our grasp, some tantalising accident has snatched it from us. We have climbed crags, descended precipices, swum to small islands and isolated rocks, lain for hours together in the wet heather, spent nights in the open air, travelled well over eleven thousand miles, and exposed over a thousand negatives in pursuit of our object."

The aim of the brothers Kearton is to see and depict animals as they really are, and to peep into Nature's secrets. Mr. Cherry Kearton's photographs show us birds in their nests, near their nests, dividing a worm among their young, resting on a bough—in their ordinary everyday life, in fact.

It is often done by hiding the camera in foliage, burying the operator under leaves in a ditch, and placing a conspirator with field-glasses a little way off. At a signal from the conspirator, the operator presses the indiarubber ball in his hand, and the domestic life of the peewit, nightingale or other bird, is recorded in sharp detail.

The photographs Mr. Cherry Kearton showed me had each of them an especial interest. Each was unique in its way, for never have animals been photographed in this way before. I was shown a screech owl in an old Essex barn, a wren in a hayrick, a lapwing distributing a worm in three equal portions to as many chicks, a robin on its nest in a water-can, a wild duck in a tree near Elstree, a tree-creeper on a lightning-struck elm, a tit entering its home in the spout of an ancient pump, three

young golden eagles waiting for their mother in a nest in the Highlands, a group of puffins and black-back gulls, and numerous other pictures, not only of birds but of other animals, some of them familiar to me, others known only by name and reputation. One photograph of melancholy interest showed a blue tit which had accidentally hanged herself with a horse-hair while building a nest in a hazel bough, and the male bird flying around, bemoaning his loss; another showed drops of rain running down the mother's wings, which were held over the nest in such a way as to keep the little ones dry.

To have photographed the nest of nearly every bird that breeds in the British Isles is a stupendous performance, and the brothers Kearton may well be proud of what they have accomplished. They are not satisfied yet though, but ever on the outlook for more worlds to conquer, and we must all hope they will live to see more of their delightful books published.

Whenever they can get away from their work in London, Mr. Kearton and his brother dash off to some out of the way locality, whether in England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland, and there proceed to study Nature as she is. The one takes his note-book and field-glasses, the other his camera and his courage, and they do not often come back without some novel observations and some fine pictures.

Their natural history rambles have brought to the notice of the Brothers Kearton many strange and interesting facts about animal life.

Once they watched an osprey in the Highlands, on a very warm day. The sun was so broiling hot that the hen wetted her wings in a neighbouring lough and shook them over her eggs, to prevent them from being poached!

They even photograph animals at night time, and I think I am right in saying they are the first who have ever done so.

Once they succeeded in getting a picture of a blackbird at ten o'clock at night, while the sleepy creature was roosting in a hedge. The magnesium flash was employed, and operations of this kind often caused the in-



NEST OF THE COOT

From "British Birds Nests"

CARRILL &amp; CO. LIMITED

habitants of Boreham Wood to fancy they saw sheet lightning. Indeed, one old lady turned her mirror to the wall.

The sub-title of "With Nature and a Camera" is, "The Adventures and Observations of a Field Naturalist and an Animal Photographer," and the combination is indeed a happy one, for the knowledge of the one is of little use without the skill of the other,

while the photographer needs the naturalist before he can achieve his results.

Apropos of this, Mr. Kearton has an amusing story to tell. It appears that a photographer, whose knowledge of Nature was but slight, envious of Mr. Cherry's beautiful bird photographs, rushed off to some outlandish spot in order to obtain a picture of the nest of a certain bird. When he arrived, he

found the nest he desired, but with only three eggs in it. As he had come a great many miles, he thought it permissible to improve his opportunity; accordingly he got some more eggs of the same bird out of other nests, and, placing them in the first nest, proceeded to take his picture. Some time later, he was showing his views before a Natural History Society, and the above photograph appeared on the screen. To his horror, it was greeted with roars of laughter. He learned subsequently that the bird in question never lays more than three eggs at a time!

Mr. Richard Kearton is too good a naturalist to fall into any such ludicrous error as this. He never writes unless he has actually observed what he is describing; consequently his books possess a sense of actuality and breeziness which render them specially delightful.

The greater part of one of their last summer holidays—for they are not masters of their time, like so many more fortunately placed nature-lovers—the Brothers Kearton spent on St. Kilda, the chief and only inhabited island of the Outer Hebrides, lying far out in the Atlantic, forty miles from the island of North Uist. It is indeed a paradise for ornithologists, but few go there. The brothers went in company with Mr. Mackenzie, on his annual visit to the isle as factor. Although they went in June, their party was the first to carry news of the outer world that year to the isolated beings dwelling on "Hirta's lonely shore." During nine months of the year the St. Kildans are quite cut off from the world, save for some chance fishing-smack which occasionally pays them a visit.

Mr. Kearton amused me with an account of their way of posting letters.

"When the natives desire," he said, "to send news of any happenings on the island to their friends, they cut a cavity in a solid piece of wood, roughly hewn like a boat, and, putting a small canister or a bottle containing a letter, and a request that whosoever picks it up will post it to its destination (a penny being enclosed in the boat for that purpose), they nail a lid or hatch over the cavity, with the letters of the words,

'Please open,' crudely cut on the top of it. To the boat is attached a bladder made from a sheep's skin, and the whole is cast into the sea during the prevalence of a westerly wind. I was assured that an average of four out of six of these interesting little mail-boats are picked up, either on the shores of Long Island or Norway, and their contents forwarded to the people whose hands they are intended to reach."

Mr. R. Kearton had been so fortunate as to get hold of a "St. Kilda mail-boat," and I was intensely interested in handling this strange little craft, which seems absurdly out of place in the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

I cannot here describe in any detail the animal life of St. Kilda, of which Mr. R. Kearton writes, and which his brother has portrayed for us so well in his beautiful and daring photographs. I must refer the reader to "With Nature and a Camera." It must suffice to say that they stayed at St. Kilda (by the help of tinned food, hammocks, and a very damp empty cottage) for ten days. Once, while on the island, they found a wren's nest built inside a "cleit," or "pyramid," used for storing hay, turf, eggs, etc., the side walls of which simply consist of rough undressed stones, between which the wind freely finds its way.

By diverting the sun's rays on to the nest by means of a couple of looking-glasses, an excellent photograph of this nest was obtained.

It may seem to some people that the Brothers Kearton have, after all, not done anything so very original. "To photograph animals in their natural surroundings"—it sounds easy enough; but only one who has tried it knows its hardships and difficulties.

Mr. Cherry Kearton had a great deal to tell me about his photographic experiences, the risks he has run, the straits he has been in. One of his pictures represents a peregrine falcon's nesting-place; it is probably the first ever taken. When it was obtained, he was dangling on the end of a hundred feet or so of rope, with one leg of the tripod stuck through a belt passing round his body, and the others disposed in crevices on the face of a high cliff, there being about



MR. CHERRY KEARTON DESCENDING A CLIFF

From "With Nature and a Camera"

CASSELL & Co., LIMITED

a couple of hundred feet of thin air betwixt the photographer and the surging sea below.

Mr. Cherry is quite an adept at "cliffing," and he thinks nothing of going over a cliff, with his great camera strapped on his back. It may be said, by the way, that a kodak would be of no use in this kind of work.

"You go down," says he, "with your feet on the face of the cliff, and when you come to an overhanging piece, swing clear, and view with as much composure as possible the sea chasing the land, and the land scurrying after the sea, whilst you spin round and round, and wonder whether a pro-

jecting rock above will or will not saw the rope in two."

In the illustration we see the daring photographer's method of descending a cliff.

Once he photographed a golden eagle's eyrie, and greatly upset an old game-keeper by his temerity. One of the pictures of which he is most proud is that of a song-thrush asleep on its natural roost, taken by means of the magnesium flash at nine o'clock at night, in a field-hedge near Elstree.

This is the first photograph ever taken of a wild bird on its natural roost.

Here is Mr. Kearton's recipe for a successful natural history photographer. He must possess suitable apparatus; he must have a natural aptitude for taking care in stalking timid creatures, and plenty of patience and determination and ingenuity.

"We take all our photographs," said Mr. R. Kearton, "with a half-plate camera. The one used has been specially built for us by Dallmeyer, and contains a pneumatically worked silent shutter between the lens and the sensitised plate, in addition to a focal plain one, also worked by compressed air at the back. The adjustable miniature camera on the top is of the same focus as that beneath it, and is extremely useful in making pictures of flying birds or restless animals. When it is in use, the large camera is charged with a plate ready for exposure, and the photographer manipulates the focussing screw, which moves both in exact ratio at the same time with the one hand, whilst he holds the air-ball attached to the pneumatic tube in the other, and presses directly a suitable opportunity presents itself. Our indiarubber tubing measures about a hundred feet in length, and is joined in five or six places by hollow pieces of metal; so that almost any length can be used, according to circumstances."

Probably no one before Mr. Cherry Kearton has ever photographed nests built near the top of high, isolated trees. To photograph a certain carrion crow's nest it was necessary to place a ladder in an almost perpendicular position high up among the branches, because these would have snapped like matches, through the

leverage produced by their combined weight, if the ladder had been placed at an angle. When the tripod had been tied to the ladder, Mr. Cherry Kearton's next difficulty was to get his dark slide

nest cost the brothers a whole afternoon's hard work; but they do not grudge any hardship or time so long as they succeed in showing us "Animals as they are."



GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK

From 'With Nature and a Camera'

CASSILL & CO., LIMITED

out. To accomplish this, and at the same time prevent the camera from slipping, he was obliged to hold on to one of the rungs with his teeth, in order to leave both hands free.

The photograph of this one crow's

I was told of an exciting adventure on Ailsa Craig, to which awesome rock these ardent naturalists had gone in order to photograph the nest of the gannet. In spite of the warnings of an old cragsman and many mishaps, an



excellent picture was taken, though so perilous were their situations that the slightest slip would have meant instant death.

Mr. Cherry once photographed a shag's nest from the end of a rope some hundred and fifty feet down the face of a precipice on the south coast of Ireland. One of the legs of the camera rested in a cleft, and the other two in a belt round the body of the photographer.

To me the great charm of the work of the Brothers Kearton is that they deal with nothing but that of which they have had actual experience. After spending a few hours in their company, one

realises how truly happy he is who has a definite interest and purpose in life. The study of nature will often keep the heart from desponding, and the mind from brooding over the woes and sorrows of life.

We may all of us go out in the fields and learn something of the habits and mode of life of the so-called "dumb creatures" that are to be found within the four corners of the United Kingdom. He who endeavours to seek animals as they are will find they will be not dumb, but will speak to him with a music as sweet and as bewitching as that composed by a Mendelssohn or a Bach.



MR. R. KEARTON

From Photo by W. S. BRADSHAW & SONS, Newgate Street

# Worth Two in the Bush

WRITTEN BY G. G. CHATTERTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

**V**ENABLES off in his hansom at a hand-gallop, as if he expected to hop into an inheritance at the station," smiled a friend, at his club, watching him out of the window.

"Suppose it's all right with him," surmised another.

"Why, man, look at him, and there's your answer. He looks as if he had been lit up electrically, and the light was shining out all through his face!—eyes—mouth——"

"Kind of illuminated dial—how romantic," sneered an elderly bystander, overhearing. "So that they who run may read."

"So they may." The first speaker looked the latter full in the eyes, and concluded with emphasis, "In every particular in life—women concerned and all—Venables runs straight as the line of a spirit level."

The man of the illuminated countenance tumbled out of his hansom, and sat beaming in his "second-class smoking"—a concession to his immediate circumstances—on his way to a village station in Essex. The second-class smoking was among the recent innovations of his life, since had sprung into it other and far more delightful methods of expending his spare capital than upon first-class travelling, and arrived at the station from the inn close by, he extracted his bicycle, and on it sped away towards a cottage, situated some few miles distant. His bicycle was now kept at this inn expressly to whirl him to this cottage, which he was always in a hurry to reach, and it was also responsible for, some months back, having brought him

to his very first call at Rose Cottage—the day would stay for ever freshly in his memory, he knew—that puncture that, at first, bored him so inexpressibly, and yet in the end—be Dunlop ever blessed!—had led up to his brightest happiness. How wonderful it seemed, and that, more than once, he had ejaculated a brief, terse, ugly word when he had failed to find that puncture, and been forced to seek the nearest house to beg for water to locate it. And how more than pretty had Janet looked, and how more than charming had she been as she herself assisted him, frankly informing him that the solitary servant they could boast was cooking the dinner, and, therefore, unavailable. Then through how glorious an evening had he wheeled home with, in his ears, the ring of Janet's clear girl's voice telling him how kind she would think it of him if he did call again, as, in plain politeness, he had suggested, under the soft sky, with here and there great star-lit rents, the scent of the violets and primroses, and the sweet, woody breath of the spring around, and the pulsing love that, at that time, a young man's fancy lightly turns to, throbbing over all. His engagement, he had rushed into after the most rash, hot-headed fashion, he knew, quite glorying in the knowledge; Janet, on her side, being just as rash, he reflected, with elated triumph.

She only had seemed taken aback and disappointed when he had been obliged to explain to her that they must wait.

"And to wait is so horrid—odious!" she exclaimed, whilst he loved her for her impatience.

"Awful — miserable — worse, and harder still for me," he told her, fondly ;

"but how to help it, when every half-penny I can scrape together makes but some beggarly £200 a year? You wouldn't"—with sudden desperation—"marry straight away on that, and chance roughing it for a time, and"—

"No, no," she interrupted, "never"—with firmness. "It would not be right of me. I would *not* do so. I, out of my poor little surroundings, have not much to sacrifice; but for you, with all that you are used to—you couldn't—wouldn't be happy."

"I could—I would," he sturdily averred. But she stood to her principles, so they must resign themselves to wait.

"After all, we are both young," he observed, happily; and sanguinely—for his was a temperament indomitably sanguine—set to counting possible chickens as yet not in so much as possible shells. And, for the present, sunny day after sunny day went blissfully in the flowery garden, adoring the maiden of his heart all undisturbed—her farmer uncle out all day. A triste enough position, but she made herself heroically happy in it, he—who had never seen her apart from the compensating presence of a flattering, devoted lover—perceived, admiring in her one more fair quality. When the good time came what joy it would be transplanting her to the large and lustrous life he hoped to lay before her, stray items as to which she never tired of hearing. There was this uncle of his, an elderly man of large property, to whom he was heir, providing, of course, that he—the uncle—did not marry.

"One must always feel a brute thinking of dead men's shoes; and I never, I declare, did dwell on them till now,"—he added, with the cheery frankness that so characterised him—"until you burst into my life—you dear sinner, see how you change me! But still, you know, there lies our great hope and expectation awaiting us."

"Or we awaiting it!"

"Yes, indeed,"—a shade less brightly. "But then I am always turning over the trying to get hold of something or other to do. We might, mightn't we, be so happy on just enough?"

"Oh, yes."

"There would not be one woman anywhere about to hold a candle to your

looks," he told her, with conviction. "Even," he added, with the lamentable tactlessness indigenous to his sex, "if you had still to keep on wearing just plain, ordinary clothes like those."

"Ah—you, too, have noticed that!"

"Why not"? he asked, surprised at the vexation eloquent in her tones.

"It only shows they must be pretty bad," she with bitterness returned. "Not as if it had been some hold-cheap woman sniffing round. Oh! how tired one grows of being poor!"

"Dear little girl," he murmured, grieved at the, to him, causeless perturbation he had aroused. But it was easy to caress and soothe her into again her normal sweet and happy self. She was a creature so easily beguiled: the praising words of love—the bright and hopeful sketches of the future—the gew-gaws which from time to time he bought her, with which she loved to deck her pretty person—small wonder, as he told himself, that he should long to bestow more and ever more upon her.

One day he noticed lying on the table a foreign envelope addressed to her, and, with a lover's privilege, commented on it.

"I laid it aside for you," she said, "thinking you might like the stamp, as you of course know crowds of people who collect—you who mix with the great world, unlike poor me"—but she gaily and sweetly smiled—"who stays, glued winklewise, inside one little shell."

"Thoughtful little witch! and I have a youthful cousin rabid on the subject," and he took the stamp and thanked her.

"And it came," pursued she, "from a cousin of *mine*, who is out in that far country trying to do what best he can, poor fellow."

"Poor fellow," he repeated, as in echo, his thoughts fixed plainly on herself, and not her kinsman.

"Don't you take any interest in him?" she pouted.

"Well—of course, as a cousin of yours—but look here, this is still more interesting!" his "illuminated" boyish face beaming as he drew from his pocket a velvet case.

"Oh Roger! what a little beauty! and the thing of all others that I wanted

—I do believe the prettiest present you have ever made me!"

This had grown almost a stock ending to her thanks, but one he never tired of hearing. She fastened the watch, a tiny enamelled gem, into her bodice, cooing deliciously over it—and him. But after a time she harked back on her cousin.

"Poor man—do you know, Roger, that if only he had some little interest he might get on to something good."

"Might he?" Roger placidly returned. "Is he a near cousin? Does he write often to you?"

"Oh, a first cousin—in fact, we were like brother and sister—I mean, before he went out—as children, that is—which



"IT SEEMS HARD TO GIVE UP SEEING YOU FOR EVEN THE INSIDE OF A WEEK."

is why I am so anxious about him. No, he writes rarely."

"Ah."

"The real fact is," she resumed, "I of course, know it—he wants to marry. He's awfully in love—they both are—only, poor man, he has no money—it's an impossibility unless he could get some appointment."

"Oh, poor chap!"—and Roger kindled visibly—she had stimulated his indifference at last. "That is hard lines. I am awfully sorry for him, I am indeed. What a sin one can't do something to help him on, I wish I could! But after all, if I were a great power dealing round fortunes, I'd shuffle one out of the pack our way, eh?"

"But this kind of thing would not do for you—for us—because it is colonial."

"As if I would not go at a hop to any colony so long as you went with me."

"And as if I would not go gladly with you; but this particular post he wants would not apply to you. It's a constabulary affair in Ebonland, and first you must, like him, have been in the Ebon Constabulary, and now if he could only get a nomination from an M.P., and then perhaps just a line of interest as well. However," she sighed, "how could he come across an M.P.?"

"By jove—my uncle is M.P., you know! I'm sure I could work him for the nomination—perhaps gather up the line of interest as well. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, eh?"

"But it does not need fellow-feeling to make *you* wondrous kind," she said, and then would have nothing more about her cousin—nothing more at all beyond, himself—just his own dear darling Roger self.

Day by day he grew more in love with her. The delight of her prettiness—which, indeed, no lover need exaggerate—and her country unspoilt ways, so different from the craft of London ladies, who bore more or less the savour caught from that perpetual fooling round with men they spend their time in—and as in a degree the frame affects its picture and the setting its gem, so insensibly he connected her with her environment and ever before his mind she would

present herself in common with the roses and the lavender and the honeysuckle and all such pure and healthy, cleanly country fragrance.

"It seems hard to have to give up seeing you for even the inside of a week," he was bewailing.

"Horrid—horrid—*horrid*! But of course you must go with your uncle, and I will write *every* day."

"And so will I, you may be sure."

—And for his very first letter he had a pleasing bit of news to tell her, taking pleasure in the telling. His uncle had given him the nomination for her cousin, which he enclosed, together with an influential line, so that would be all right—"and James Wilson I consider is a lucky dog, getting the girl of his choice, and near Ebon-town is no bad billet, I am told, decent climate and fair society."—The remainder of his communications were such as to the Philistine outside the magic courts might read, but as some strangely iterative quality well nigh approaching imbecility. Hers in return, over which he sat stonily, with clouded brow, were of a flavouring less unsuitable for publication:—

My dear Roger.—I am so very much obliged for the nomination which I have at once forwarded to James Wilson, it was indeed most good of you to trouble so about it. As to the rest I already know from him all details of his billet, no bad one as you say. What I have to particularise to you about is not so agreeable a theme, but plunge straight into it I must; waiting or beating about its bush won't better it. It is, in plain words, that I fear we must give up our engagement. From time to time, I have thought of this, as the more one looks into it so much the more foolish and hopeless does it from either side appear, so we really are each of us acting unfairly and wrongly by the other. We are spared much unpleasantness by having kept its secret just between ourselves, and certainly we have enjoyed a great many nice hours out here in the garden. I'm sure to me they made the long summer afternoons pass off delightfully. But *please* do not *ever* come again, as I really could *not* see you, and





"AND AS HE THOUGHT BACK ON THE PRETTY GIRL WHO LAST HAD NESTLED TO HIM—  
HE FORGAVE HER."

so it would only be no use. But I  
should like to remain always

Your affectionate friend,

JANET TAYLOR.

But, of course, he did go there  
again—started off directly he got back  
to town, for she could not truly mean it,  
not at least to stick to, and all that  
callousness in her letter was forced and  
artificial—surely the most difficult task

on earth must be to write a letter such  
as that—and as he thought back on the  
pretty girl who last had nestled to him,  
kissing him adieu, he forgave her, only  
longing for reunion to make her change  
her mind. Those whom beneficent  
nature has fitted out with such a stock-  
in-trade as eyes of clearest gentian blue,  
dewy-parted lips and roseleaf skins, it is  
hard for others to realise as false.

Just as he was pulling out his bicycle  
came by the farmer uncle with whom,

through meeting now and then, he was acquainted.

"Going up to make a call on Janet?" hazarded he.

"Well, so I am."

"Ah," the farmer chuckled, a bluff, outspoken man, "You'll find her in a rare good humour—as I am in that same myself! This luck of Jim Wilson's is no bad stroke for me either. You see, it's this way—you may congratulate her on having got him, and me on having lost her! Of all the grumbling, fault-finding, discontented——"

"Got him?"

"Yes! Jim Wilson having as good as gained this appointment enables him to marry her, you know, and off in a jiffy she is out there to him."

"Oh—Indeed—I see. I hope she will be happy with her cousin."

Venables managed his rejoinder with commendable composure, conscious the

while of an odd sensation as of sudden all-over stiffening.

"Cousin! he's no cousin. It's Jim Wilson whom two years ago she never had laid eyes on—cracked about him though she ever since has been."

Yes, they would, Venables agreed, be spared much unpleasantness through having kept their engagement such a secret, and he, at any rate, was not likely to divulge his somewhat ignominious share in the appointment of Mr. Wilson.

Afterwards the years as they went on held plenty of fun in them—sport, travel, society, amusements of sorts. But often his comrades noted that himself probity incarnate, and open-hearted, slow to thinking evil—yet of all men upon earth was Roger Venables profoundly and inveterately given over to suspicion where and whensoever in the case a woman happened to come in.

